SEPTEMBER, 1965 75¢

Millionaire

"You don't have to be a millionaire—just think like one."

MAGAZINE

WELCOME ABOARD

MORTON J. LEWIS JOINS

We hail as our Roving Sales Ambassador, Morton Jeremiah (Jumbo) Lewis, the splitting image of the late Sidney Greenstreet.

Mr. Lewis, was born in the mountain area of New Mexico. His very appearance brings to light his militaristic forthright "do it right or else" attitude.

His grandfather, Lum Limestone Lewis, settled in New Mexico in 1843 and was known to be one of the most fearless cowboy fighters of his day.

Morton's Dad, Jeremiah Lewis, was so named because of his vast philanthropic work, donating great sums to build large orphan homes for the children whose parents were killed by the Swanu & Pueblo Indians.

Mr. Lewis is sterling in character, forthright, and agressive with untold blessings of excellence. In him you will find warmth, kindness, the true spirit of fair play, and an ever willingness to be your friend. We welcome Mr. Morton Jeremiah (Jumbo) Lewis to our fold.

Morty (as we call him) is a member of the Board of Directors of six internationally known firms. He is also associated with the Big Brothers, The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to children and S. P. C. A.

In representing Millionaire - Mr. Lewis will expand nation-wide and internationally all of Millionaire's activities.

We, of Millionaire, proudly salute our Roving Sales Ambassador, Morton Jeremiah (Jumbo) Lewis, and we feel you will be very pleased to have him as a close friend. ●

EDITORIALS

Al Zapanta

Millionaire Magazine is happy to announce the appointment of AL ZAPANTA, International Big Game Hunter and Fisherman, as the HUNTING AND FISHING EDITOR.

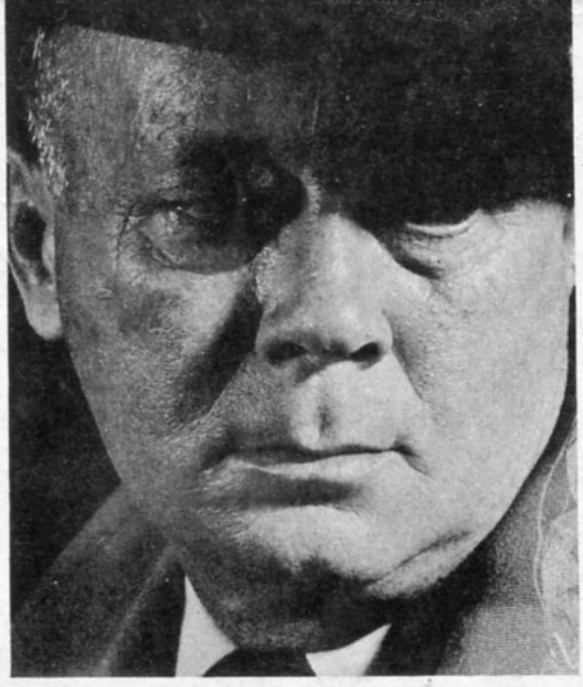
The readers will have the finest and best in true adventure stories as created by Al and his clients. His travels to the four corners of the world will be yours. He has personally hunted and fished the many lakes, rivers, oceans, jungles, and wastelands in search of game and is constantly treking the back country seeking the very best for his many friends and clients. The authenticity of his sportsman tours can be yours.....The only one of its kind!

The International Travel, hunting and fishing....with gun.....rod....camera ....are his forte. He'll go anywhere from the poisonous green jungles of Brazil to the frozen wastelands of Alaska.....or Malindi, on the African east coast...or Chile....or New Zealand .....in search of adventure...excitement .....and the unknown!

JULES BERNHARDT

Author of the Sneak Attack in this issue is also the author of the forthcoming book, "The Female Rebellion".

Noted lecturer and author, he gained recognition in the field of Human Relationships. He received BS in Education at Rutgers University in 1935, and graduated from Savage College of Physical Education, New York Teachers College and the University of Oklahoma.



Marion Barnett

Marion Barnett ("The Manly Art of Growing a Beard" and "There Really Is A Jerry Lewis") came to Hollywood from a rewarding seven-year stint as managing editor of a small town weekly newspaper, The Booneville (Miss.) Banner. Barnett says his first published work (at the age of twelve) was a four-line filler copied by the Congressional Record--through influence of his uncle in Congress. Since that time he has been writing for trade journals and doing photo-story freelance work. He has no ambition to write "the great novel".

Under the name of Barney Barnett he has worked in a number of movies and in 30-odd television shows. As Dr. Jonah Hex, the crack-pot inventor, he appeared on the Steve Allen Show and for NBC.

Barnett's best literary work is "The Blue Velvet Box" a poignant story of a boy and his dad--and honesty. We are negotiating for reprint rights, and will present it in the near future.

Jules Bernhardt

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M A G A Z I N E

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Home of Golddiggers

All these doors are open to Readers and Associates of Millionaire Magazine. Pick out the door you want opened, be it a trip to the Orient, a franchise for schools, products or services, or maybe a reporter, even a booking if you have talent. Write to Millionaire, A Magazine of many doors . . . WE HAVE THE KEY.

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THE MAN IN RED MAKES A LOT OF GREEN

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millard enjoy themselves at a recent Gourmet dinner of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus, where he astonded the members with his red tuxedo.

Webster's dictionary gives us the definition of red as a warm bright color. This brings us to the heading of our short-story, "The Man In Red". This is Frank Millard, owner of the FRANK MILLARD SPORTS CAR AGENCY, INC., at 15531 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, California.

Frank sponsore ten bowling teams, all dressed in red. He is the Vice-President of the San Fernando Valley Motor Car Association. As one of six sports-cars dealers, he is sponsoring the Indianapolis Speedway Race over station KBIG. In his busy life, he also finds time for charity. He is an ardent financial supporter of Father Standler's Orphanage in San Bernadino.

Born in New England of French-Irish parents, Frank, at the young age of fourteen, left a Rhode Island orphanage and hopped a freight train for Los Angeles. The following seventeen years he spent in the restaurant business, starting as a waiter and ending as the manager.

Looking for new horizons, Frank left the restaurant business and started the Frank Millard Sports Car Agency. From his sincere feeling that every customer was a V.I.P., Frang brought out the "Red Carpet Treatment" and became "The Man In Red." He ordered an entire wardrobe in red. Then he packed all his other clothes andhe shipped them back East, to his brother, knowing that this would force him to wear red clothing at all times.

Today, Frank Millard's wardrobe is completely red; from red sox, red underwear, red tuxedo to even the red face and red band on his watch. When asked if he ever got tired of red, Frank smiled through his red rimmed glasses and he replied cheerfully, "Do you ever get tired of money?"

At home, he has his own room which he calls "the card room," completely done in his favorite color. He does not drink hard liquor, but has plenty of red tomatoe juice on hand. He smokes 'York' cigarettes, which of course come wrapped in red. We ran into Mrs. Millard, dressed in red, who arrived in a red Jaguar. She had just come from bowling practice on one of her husband's teams.

At Frank Millards' famous sports car dealership, we were greeted by such faces as Roy Rogers, who just stopped by for a friendly "Howdy". When Frank started the business, one of his first partners was Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys in Western Movies.

We met Mike Ashley of England, the U.S. Representative for the Aston Martin auto. At the present time, Mike Ashley is showing the famous Aston Martin Car, which was used in the film "Goldfinger". The car was on a three day display in Frank Millard's showroom.

Frank Millard employs over fifty-two people. We were introduced to his sales manager, Jimmy O'Brien. His office manager Mary Miller has been with him thirteen years. His parts manager, Todd Anderson, has been with him over eight years.

Millard does a $3,000,000.00 yearly business. He stocks about 350 cars at a time, selling about 1200 to 1300 cars per year. Price tags range from $49.00 to $16,000.00 per car. He sells a variety of cars; Aston Martin, M.G., Austin-Healey, Jaguar, Volvo, Jeep, and Princess (Rolls-Royce Engine).

We were introduced to Frank Millard's English bull-dog, Sir Percy Blakemoore. A constant companion, Percy appears in caricature with his master in all the ads.

When we rejoined Millard in his office we noticed him signing a red check-book with a red pen. His bank has orders not to honor any checks unless they are signed with red ink. His whole office, from the carpet to the ceiling was in red, even the trophies of his bowling teams were in bright red.

We asked him if at any time he wore any other color. His answer was, "Only on St. Patrick's. That's when I dye my hair green and drive a green car saying, "The Man In Red Salutes St. Patrick" He uses red in every media of the advertising world in promoting his cars. One of his slogans is: "The Dealer with Red Carpet Treatment."

There are no sales gimmics behind the success of Millard's operation. He is a happy family man, with a marvelous sense of humor. He has proven that patience and perseverance towards individuality have been part of his success. He has given life and humor to what many might have considered a routine type of existance.

We were introduced to Frank Millard, Jr. and found the future boss of Frank Millard's sport cars being prepared for the time when senior decides to retire. There will always be a man in red. MILLIONAIRE MAGAZINE tips it's hat to one of the most unforgetable characters of our times, THE MAN IN RED!

"FRANK MILLARD THE MAN IN RED"

by Maria Korda

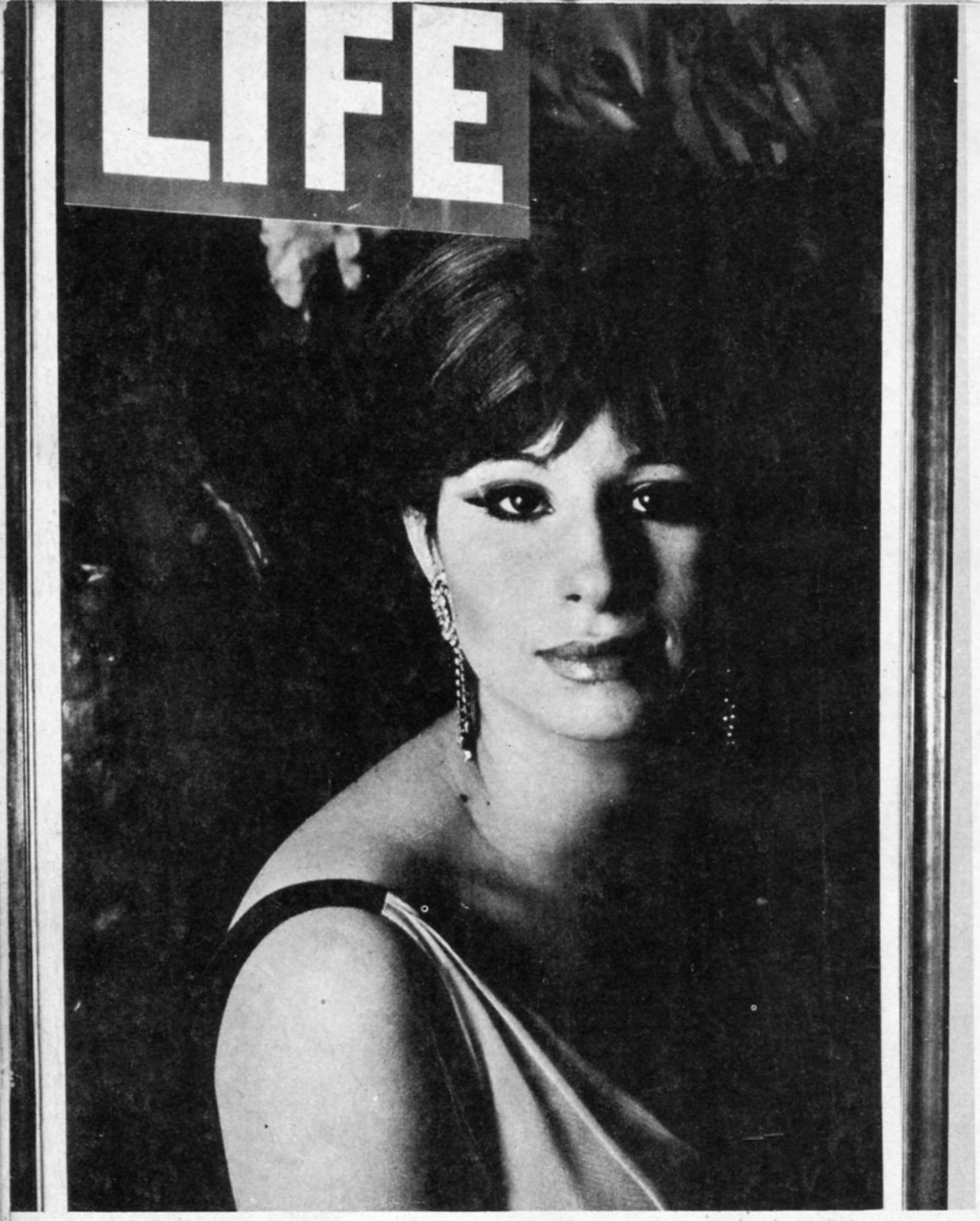
● Frank Millard's Office Is Red

● Sells Red Cars

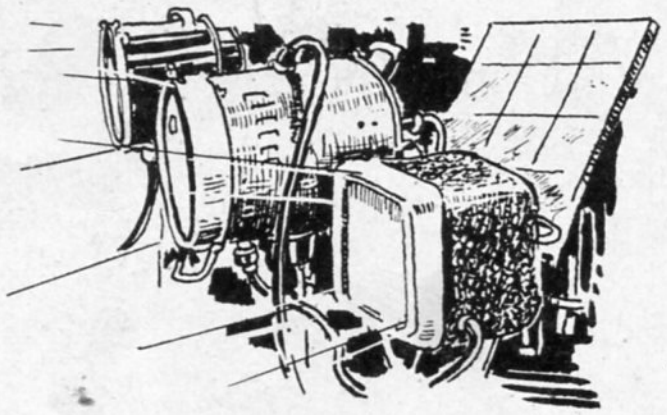
● Roy Rogers, Former Partner

● Wardrobe In Red

● All Red Bar



The lobby of the theatre is graced by this classic portrait of beautiful Barbra



MILLIONAIRE SPOTLIGHTS

Barbra Streisand

By Charles Jepson

of Premier World Press - New York

The hottest thing in show business today is the theoretical gamin from Greenpoint who has shaken the lethargy of television in memorable hour long performance with a cast of one. A dynamic *one*.

With a firm contract in her warm little hands she still would have earned a fortune if she had flopped. Instead Barbra Streisand stood critics on their worn ears which were softened by her near perfect pitch in a tuneful embrace with thirty million viewers. Brooklyn never had it so good.

It started in Brooklyn but she was soon a Greenwich village regular and theater buff where she trekked forty-second street and huddled in all-night cafeterias with people of the same bent . . . show business. All loved her for her kooky and original outfits which were strickly from hunger, both inside and out. The thrift shops saved their barrage of weaponry for Barbra who managed to come up with a presentable and spectacular appearance. She doesn't visit them anymore. Her present fashionable wardrobe almost out-shines her famous Nefertiti profile. These people, from the days upon which the book is closed, were her real friends. Sharing an infrequent dollar was a project of sheer

All Broadway sees the marquee of Barbra Streisand's personal triumph. This was the home of the award-winning "West Side Story"

Kay Medford, Barbra's stage mother with Mrs. Isaac Streisand her real grandmother

love and admiration for one another. Now she is surrounded by those who love her for other reasons. Some certainly valid.

We were among phalanx of followers who stood and cheered our Barbra at the Shubert Theatre where she appeared with Lillian Roth and Sheree North in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale." A medicore score managed to give her the hit song, "Miss Marmelstein." She sang with conviction, for Miss Marmelstein was a homely, lonely, sweet switchboard operator. Miss Marmelstein WAS Miss Streisand. Helped by this less than popular production she appeared monumental. The leading man was her moment of passion during and after the run and on into matrimony. Elliott Gould's career slipped while Streisand's soared. Without him it probably never would have. He gave her the love and compassion she longed for and needed. And the reasurance we all wished for her.

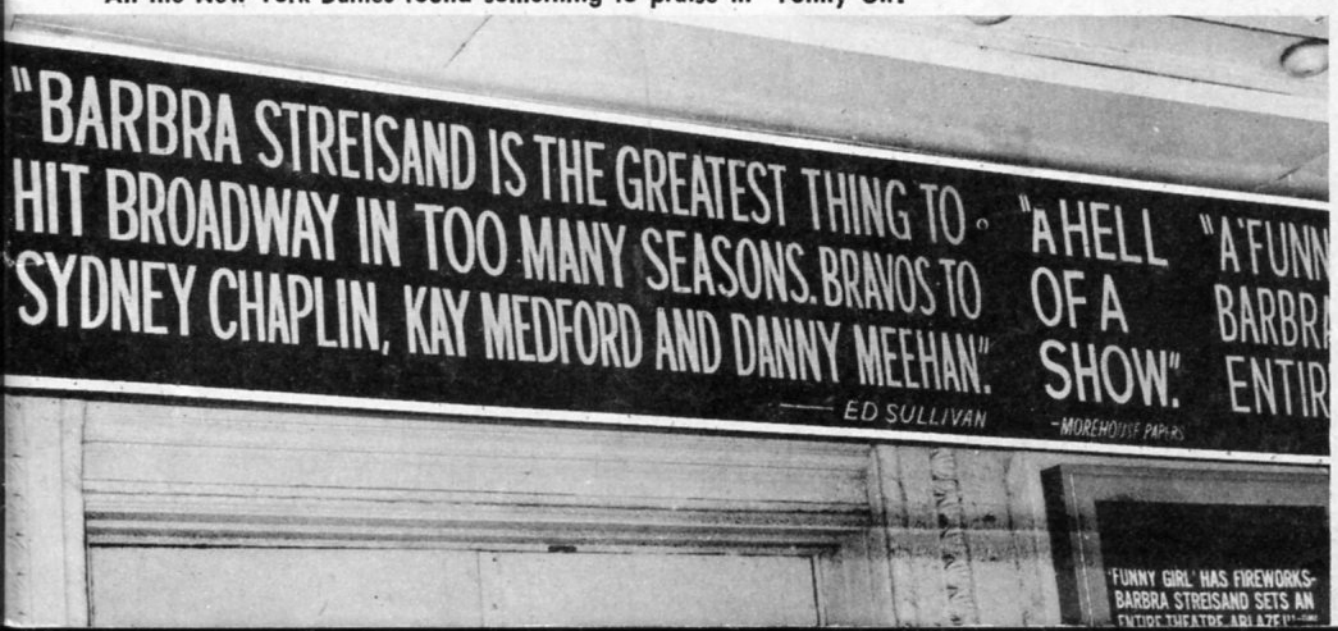
Her dressing room at the Wintergarden Theatre is laden with rag dolls she has collected and augmented by those sent by admiring fans. She reigns there nightly while congratulations poor in for a dedicated performance as a funny girl. Her stage mother, pro Kay Medford, says, "Barbra has matured right here in this play. She is a marvel to work with and never makes anyone of the cast uncomfortable at any time. Humility is her byword."

When we visited backstage the day was a special one as her grandfather and grandmother were there after a matinee performance. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Streisand just sat and stared at their beautiful granddaughter. They didn't have much to say. Just the perfunctory remarks since Barbra started staying away from home when only fourteen, trying to launch her career. She has the wisdom of hardship throughout her past. It's easy now.

With her income reaching the satellites, her uncle Murray Streisand of Long Island should come in handy. He is with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. There must be a new office building going up in New York somewhere to house the voluminous Streisand returns and ledgers. The poverty program will be aided and abetted by this mercurial marvel whose "Happy Days Are Here Again" may have a rather empty meaning for personal coffers. But she won't ever starve again.

Last Labor Day after the evening performance of "Funny Girl," Barbra and Elliott were observed riding in their Bentley down 42nd Street very slowly around midnight. Was Barbra nestled closely to her one and only? Not at all. She was looking out the window, her long nose pressed hard against the glass watching the potpourri of humanity who were enjoying the warm autumn air unencumbered and in many cases unwanted. Now she could never walk among them unrecognized. A prisoner of the love of thirty million Americans. ●

All the New York Dailies found something to praise in "Funny Girl"



Al Gans and guest announce another first in Gourmet Societe

WORLD'S CHEF'S OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP

TO BE HELD IN LOS ANGELES BY MILLIONAIRE GOURMET SOCIETY

Albert K. Gans, president of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus, announced that Los Angeles will play host to the world's first Olympic Championship for Chef's Cuisine's. Gans said in an interview, "We will gather the world's greatest chefs, from the United States, and from every country in the world that can enjoy free and open competition. The chefs will enter into a cullinary battlefield, and compete for prizes in excess of $1,000,000. "But," said Gans, this enormous amount of cash, and the wonderful material of prizes that will be offered, will be nothing compared to the honors and acclamation the chef will receive in his country, and his home town. One can be assured that the sponsoring restaurant will become the mecca for the gourmet the world over.

Organization for the olympics has already been started, with the formation of the charted organization called THE OFFICIAL WORLD'S CHEF'S OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP. Albert K. Gans has been named as the executive producer for the committee. Rules and the conduct of the Olympics will be drafted and flashed throughout the world by press services.

Because there is no better representation of international flavor found anywhere, it was decided to hold the Olympic in the Los Angeles area.

See Page 37 for La Societe dinners

Photographer - BILL GRIMES

Dotty Richardson and Joe Stanwood at LeContinental, Charlotte, N.C.

DOTTY RICHARDSON

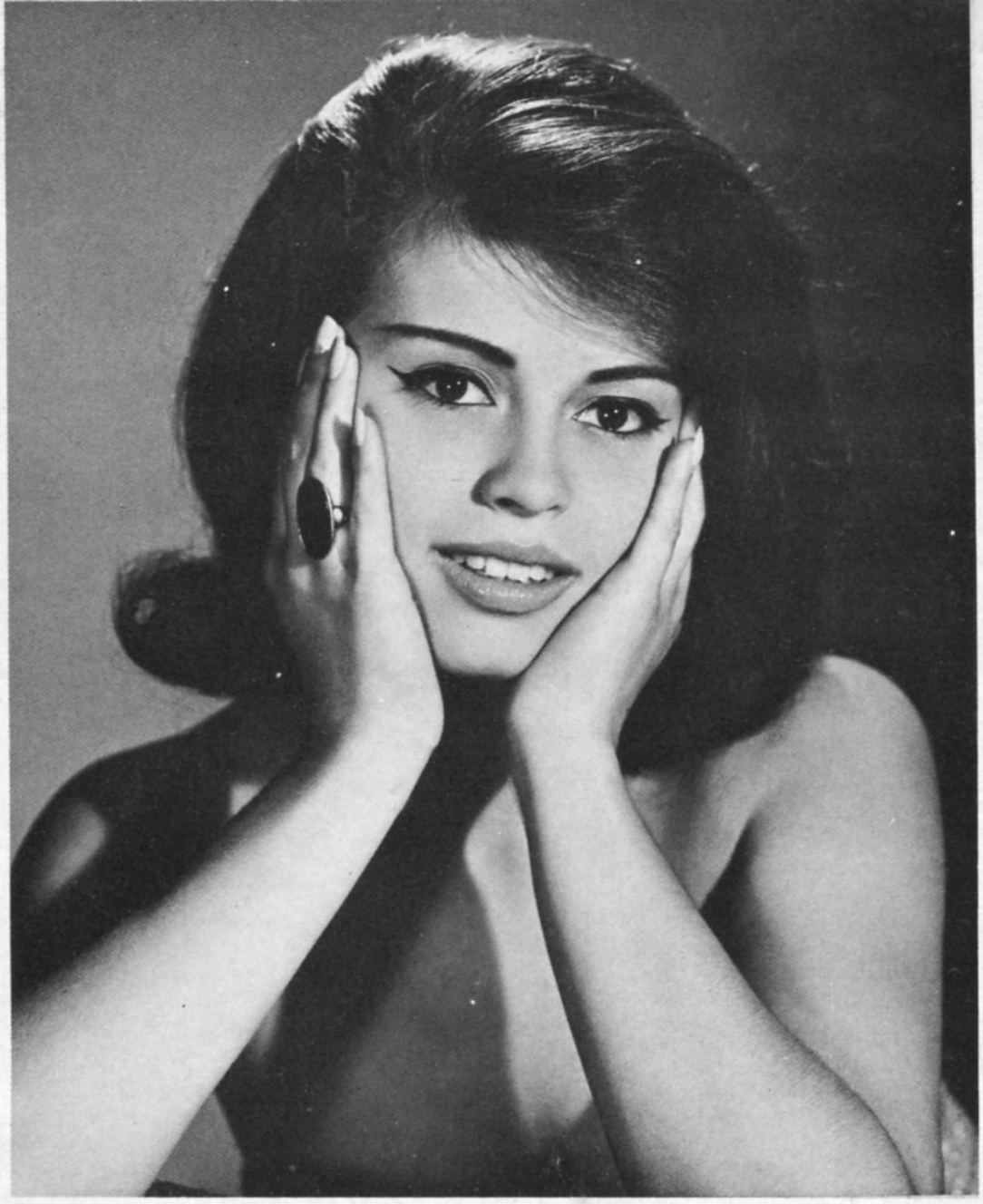
GOLDDIGGER

OF THE MONTH

Avast-Mainlanders!

By the dark of the moon we surveyed our beautiful bay... Craftily then, we buried chests of silver pieces and pearl oysters and secret sway on the beach where the green-blue waters ebb and flow. We dug not over two hands deep. Then we rowed out on the sea and dropped the remaining chests by the skull marked buoy.

(See Page 84 For THE TREASURE HUNTERS)



Million Dollar Talent

By SID SILVER

Destined for fame and fortune is songstress KELLY GARRETT. Her million dollar voice won both audience and judges over in a Search for Talent at the Red Velvet Club in Hollywood. Club owner Tony Ferra was so impressed with Kelly that he promptly signed her to a singing engagement.

In the few short months since, KELLY GARRETT has received numerous write ups, received a record contract and was signed to do the T.V. show SHINDIG.

We are sure that this is but the beginning of this young lady's career and look forward to seeing her rise to stardom.

MILLIONAIRE DISCOVERS BRIGHTEST NEW STAR ON JAZZ HORIZON

BOXER COMES OUT SWINGING

By Joe Whitcomb

Show business, that craziest and most competitive of all endeavors, offers many rewards to the talented hordes who stake their very lives on the dim hope that they may "make it" big in the biz. There is an old adage, "First things first", and in the mad mad world of entertainment that elusive first is *discovery*. Every new actor, singer, musician, or hoofer, whether they operate on pure talent or pure guts, is absolutely dependent on one whim of fate . . .*discovery*. For the rest of us the greatest kick is to do the discovering. And in the public world of a most talented jazz concert pianist, Mr. Karl Boxer, let it be known that Boxer has been *discovered* by Millionaire's own roving jazz talent scout.

It was this writer's privilege to catch Boxer and Trio almost at the very birth of his present group two years ago. Since then I have set in on The Boxer in such varied places as: The Show Lounge in Washington, D.C.; The Sheraton-Ritz in Minneapolis; several jazz concerts at leading universities; two recording sessions; and at various clubs through the southeast. Perhaps I'm becoming Boxer-Brainwashed, but to these old jazz ears he is playing better all the time. Let's just say that Boxer "grabs" you in the manner that Brubeck, Shearing, Peterson and others of that breed have done in the past. Only it's *not* Brubeck or Peterson or anyone else, it's all from Boxer's "bag". (Jazz idiom for musician's *own* sound).

Comprising the balance of this trio are two other fine young artists, Rusty Gilder on Bass, and Tim Smith on Drums. Please remember, when *you discover* Boxer, you heard it first from Millionaire.

HOW TO THINK LIKE A Millionaire

PART III

By Howard E. Hill

THE SUCCESS CYCLE

Oddly enough, even the seemingly elusive quality of success has an ebb and flow rhythm. Just as *"The Music Goes Round and Round"* -- or the rotor on an electric-light meter twirls *when in use,* so does the transient wand of success touch each and every one of us at varying intervals of time.

When Lincoln first ventured into his professional career, he managed to deftly touch the essence of this thought when he declared, "I will prepare, and some day my chances will come." In an earlier time, Shakespeare phrased the same idea in the dialogue of *Caesar* as he appeared in the play, "There is a tide in the affairs of men if taken at the flood leads on to fortune; neglected, all their lives are bound in shallows and in miseries."

Therefore, one of the first requisites in learning to *think like a millionaire,* is to make a firm and very determined resolution to be an outstanding expert in *something* -- but whatever old, or new and untried activity you center upon, resolve with great will to learn and assimilate all there is to know about the subject you have chosen.

This one single, intensely directed interest in any given field of endeavor has never yet failed to produce a boundless richness of mind as well as enormous holdings of wealth plus an achievement record well noted by one's contemporaries.

In this same connection, should it ever come to pass that I would have to pick any two words that would adequately describe the *millionaire potential,* my choice would be SELECTIVE CURIOSITY.

My purpose in establishing this point is to differentiate between the ordinary trait of nosiness and the powerful highly-energized characteristic of a strongly-motivated quest for knowledge within a specialized area of endeavor. This tendency to probe, to study and compare, to research, and to inquire into every phase of a given activity, is the one essential quality that separates the men from the dreamers in the quest for success, achievement, and great wealth.

During the years that I have been aware of this urge *to know,* as expressed in the careers of successful men and women I find it embraces every imaginable field of activity, including salesmanship, business, the trades, even the professions that demand a long and tedious period of preparation. In this reference, I like to tell the story of a janitor in a great Eastern school of medicine who once nurtured an insatiable thirst for learning all there was to know about healing the sick. In seeking his ultimate fulfillment, this man began to collect every textbook, in every classroom in the building assigned to him for cleaning, that had been discarded by the students. At night, in his lonely basement room in the dormitory, this chap would read and study endlessly -- until one day he was publicly recognized by this same university as one of the outstanding diagnosticians of his time -- even though he did not hold a formal degree in medicine.

In another instance, I once knew a young fellow who became obsessed with a burning desire to own his own print shop. To begin with, this man knew *from nothing* about the trade, but he did possess one priceless ingredient of character -- *SELECTIVE CURIOSITY.* Out of his meagre earnings as a day laborer on the shipping docks of a trucking company, he began to read everything he could get his hands on pertaining to the trade. By literally saving his pennies he was one day able to acquire a small handpress, a few sticks of furniture to help compress and hold type within a given space, and one font of old type. With an apparently dismal start, this man slowly, but surely, began to attract other items associated with the craft until one day he was able to take the big plunge and open a modest little shop of his own. The busy years slipped away until today this determined individual is a full owner of a large and flourishing printing business.

There are innumerable "little success stories" just like these to be found in nearly every walk of life. THE SAME CAN BE DONE BY YOU -- but *you* are the only person in the world who can set this success cycle with its magic wand moving toward you and your enterprises. M

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In the next issue of Millionaire Magazine, we will present the forth article by Howard E. Hill on HOW TO THINK LIKE A MILLIONAIRE. Don't miss it -- because it will explain one of the easiest, practically free, steps toward attaining Millionaire status that we have ever encountered.

MAN WITH A CAUSE CELEBRE

Charles Carson, the Hillbilly Intellectual that Inadvertantly started a War on Political Parasites that would destroy our Freedom of Speech.

Recently, when the *New York Times* broke a feature story on Charles Carson that went out *via* UPI from coast to coast, I began to recall that day about 25 years ago when a gangling young Ozarker stalked into my office. He said he was planning to be a writer and thought my Public Relations firm might assist him. You could have knocked me over with a feather duster when he admitted that he hadn't even been through high school!

His seeming temerity was complicated by his naive approach to fame. It took me quite a few years to discover that Carson was a man not to be measured by any known yardstick. Today he is considerably more than he then planned, but back of this extraordinary development lies a story.

Charles Carson grew up in the back hills of northwest Arkansas, and enjoyed a total of probably two full years of schooling at the hands of tutors who knew slightly more than he did. When he went to the University of Arkansas, with no credential other than an eighth grade diploma from the district "common schools", the registrar couldn't believe that he was serious about wanting to enroll.

He was turned away, due to a lack of credits, and twenty-three years later the same university adopted his *Writing the Magazine Article* as a text for its journalism course.

After working for a brief time in a furniture factory, he came to California and started his first literary efforts. After many failures, his stories began to sell, and he wrote extensively for radio as well. By the time he had sold over a thousand magazine pieces, two textbooks and two novels, he was better known in Europe (especially England) than America.

King of the Prairies, a novel about his ancestor, Kit Carson, has been translated and published in most of the Free World. His more recent *Mountain Troubadour,* an Ozark saga, was chosen by President John F. Kennedy for a place in the Presidential Library. His books also may be found in the Library of Congress and the Library of the United Nations.

It is the experience of every successful writer that countless would-be scribes beat a path to his hideaway. This happened to Carson, but with a difference. Instead of turning them away, he listened and took their ambitions seriously. After all, it hadn't been too many years since he was making a valiant effort to find someone who would listen.

It would be hard to say how many books he has ghostwritten in whole or in part in the past two decades, for ghostwriting generally is a confidential business, but the number is staggering. It is a phase of his work that began as an accommodation and gradually developed into a full time job.

But as with all endeavors, the currents haven't always run smoothly. A couple of years ago his city of Manhattan Beach enacted a strange authors' licensing law that has caused him considerable vexation and created national attention.

An occupational tax is customary in most California cities, but in Manhattan Beach the City Fathers failed to take note of Article I of the Bill of Rights pertaining to freedom of speech and the press. It was therefore on Constitutional grounds that Carson based his protest; not on the $25.00 fee involved, but the "right" of local officials to determine whether one should write at all.

Violation of the law subjects one to a heavy fine and/or a term in jail. Carson has no desire to be a martyr or create publicity and he paid the fee. After a year of this The Authors Guild got word of it, and an item eventually appeared in *Writer's Digest.*

This set off the publicity that followed. The *New York Times* issued a feature story that hit the UPI wire service and blazed a trail of resentment among writers from coast to coast. Newspapers in many cities ran editorials about it, and CBS featured it on their "Big News".

Letters and telegrams flooded the Manhattan Beach City Hall, but local lawmakers were unabashed. They continued to reign over their domain of four square miles and continued to ignore the ridicule of the literary world and the edicts of the Constitution.

Charles Carson still pays the yearly fee and claims that he is probably the only living writer possessing an official signed-and-sealed "poetic license".

Sometimes it is easier to write a success story than it is to understand the man responsible for it. Carson claims that man's great struggle in the twentieth century is not to acquire money or fame, but to preserve his own individuality.

He regards money as being incidental, though he enjoys a favorable rating with Dun & Bradstreet. He attaches little significance to fame, though he is listed in three *Who's Who* volumes. He feels that many influences in our age, including the population explosion, mass knowledge, the tendency to think in terms of *a people* rather than *a person,* all tend to minimize the worth of the individual and make him merely a small segment of the whole.

He says that his chief aim in life is to continue being a person and not one of a billion tiny dots that comprise our total society. He doesn't aspire to be a famous individual, but an individual.

To that end he refuses to join groups of any kind that require one to subscribe to their thinking. He is anything but anti-social, but regards all types of planned togetherness as an absurdity of our times.

Has Charles Carson really achieved his goal of being an individual? Well, let's say it may be so, since there is probably no one else like him.

THE WATERMELON KING

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY
DON DOWNIE

You've probably eaten a "Si Senor" watermelon. More than 1,500,000 Americans and Canadians with "Millionaire" tastes devoured these melons in 1964. Behind this copyrighted label is the story of a man who has two loves in his life - aside from his family. He loves to sell, watermelons in particular, and he loves to fly.

There's been one man behind the "Si Senor" watermelons for the past 27 years. The label on his Rotarian's badge says, "Al Harrison, the Watermelon King," and he's the one-and-only with this occupation in this International Club.

At 55-years-of-age, Al Harrison is a 16-hour-a-day dynamo. Last year, he sold over $1,500,000 of the finest "peacock" variety melons for premium prices. These melons are all grown South of the Border in Sonora and Sinalca, Mexico. They arrive on the market early in the spring before most "State-side" crops mature. The "season" for Al Harrison ends when melons from Texas, Arizona and California come on the market toward the end of May. Many of his best customers are Canadians. There's still plenty of snow on the ground when the first load of "Si Senor" melons arrive in Canada. Some of Harrison's melons sell in Archie Furgeson's Trading Post in Kotsebue, Alaska, for 75¢ per pound - $11.50 for a 15-pound melon!

Selling watermelons is the biggest gamble in the world. Because of the high risk involved in the growing and sale of melons, "the Watermelon King" works with a number of rancher-partners on both sides of the border. By subsidizing growers as far south as Colima, 40 miles inland from Manzanillo, he spreads out his investments so that he'll show a profit for the season even if one or two particular areas are wiped out by insects, weather or poor timing on the market.

"This is a business where you can make it big - or loose it big," explains Harrison. And he's done both. During the 1960-61 season, he lost $30,000 on a single tomato crop venture. "Now I stick to watermelons," he explains firmly.

When you have some 52 growers scattered for a thousand miles into Mexico - and customers all over the U.S.A. and Canada, it's bound to take a great deal of traveling. "The Watermelon King" solves this problem with his own private plane. He's flown over 2,000 hours in his latest plane - that's nearly 15 times around the world - and Harrison's flying is frequently the difference between profit and loss on his many watermelon deals.

"During the growing season, I'll fly into Mexico on an average of twice each month," he said. "It's my only way to keep track of how melons are doing; both mine and those that are going to the competition. Each of 'my ranchers' puts in a flight strip. "Use of the airplane has *tripled* my business."

You'd never know it but Al Harrison flies with a handicap. He lost the sight from his right eye in a teen-age mishap, but he has logged over 5,000 hours since he soloed in 1948 and, aside from the normal scratches and stone bruises that one might expect while flying from unimproved flight strips, he's never damaged an airplane.

The "Watermelon King" bought his first airplane in 1948. Earl Medlicott, former owner and operator of the Elsinore Airport in California, taught him to fly. As a successful businessman,

Harrison with his 182
after landing on a dirt flight strip
near Los Mochis, Sinaloa.

Harrison is naturally a prime target for the sale of a new aircraft. Someone's trying to sell him an expensive twin-engined plane. "What would I do with a new 'twin?' I've only got one head, one eye and I'm accustomed to only one engine. Actually, I'd be nervous as a kitten with a shiny new airplane because I'd worry about running it through a Mexican fence. My four-year-old ship has become almost part of me; it knows where I'm going and the people I'll meet. Every one of my growers knows it by sight and sound."

Harrison's plane can carry a whale of a load of sample melons northbound - or occasionally a big sack of dime-store toys for the Mexican kids on a Southbound flight. The "Watermelon King" is fortunate to use a travel plan now popular with suburban subdividers; he usually flies southeastward in the early morning with the sun at his back and returns to Nogales at dusk, again with the sun behind him. "Man, you've never really seen a sunrise or sunset 'til you've watched one develop over the clear, peaceful skies of Northwestern Mexico!"

"The Watermelon King" spends half the year working out of Nogales, Arizona, but his home is really in Long Beach, California. His wife occasionally accompanies him on flying trips. It takes him just four hours to fly the lonely fence-line that is the border between the U. S. and Mexico, but the trip by auto takes at least 12 hot, terrifying, sweaty hours.

There's really only one way to find out how the "Watermelon King" actually works. That's to ride with him and see how much work he can cram into three days of travel. In researching this "Millionaire" article, I met Al Harrison just at daylight at the Palm Springs, California, Airport. It was quite a three days.

"We've got to hop over the hill and pick up Charlie Withrow at Lake Elsinore. Then we'll be on our way to Nogales," he said. There was a stiff wind blowing and the plane rolled around a bit. Harrison lit his first cigar carefully. "Isn't it a swell morning? Look at all those people down there still sound asleep and missing this view!" He nodded out the window at the sleepy world below.

Within minutes, we circled Elsinore and soon farmer Charlie Withrow was in the back seat. Once again we were in the air and "The Watermelon King" zero'd in on the silvery dome of Mt. Palomar, made a left turn toward El Centro and we were on our way. Over Yuma, he called the Federal Aviation Agency ground station and filed a flight plan "down the fence" direct to Nogales. "This is a very lovely flight," said Harrison as we headed on our course.

However, on our "Millionaire" trip, this flight was anything but lonely. The trip over "the fence" is dotted with an occasional volcano midway between San Luis and Sonoyta, Mexico. Few travelers have ever seen these craters, and on our return flight, we took a good look at some of them and actually flew down inside. For a one-eyed pilot, Mr. Harrison has an extremely fine sense of depth perception. However, to be completely factual, I was sitting on the edge of my seat with my finger-tips on the back of the control wheel as the vertical walls of the crater rushed toward us at nearly three-miles-per-minute. I'd like to re-visit this area - in a jeep.

Al Harrison, right, and Mexican watermelon grower, do business in the middle of a melon field in Sonora, Mexico, with an advance check being written on the stabilizer of the airplane

Inspecting watermelon field near Los Mochis, left to right are a grower, Al Harrison another grower and Charlie Withrow.

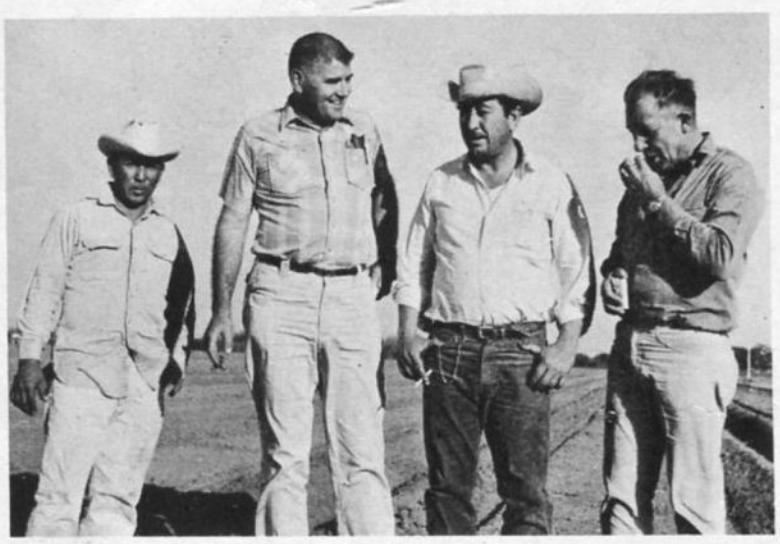
After a flawless landing on the side-hill Nogales International Airport, "The Watermelon King" headed for the tiny office he maintains in town.

Harrison spent a full day at the office; much of his time on the phone. During the three-month "season," his phone bill will average over $3,000 per month. He uses a General Electric "Rapid Dial" card system to eliminate manual calls.

Early the next morning we were again in the plane and the first plane to land at the Mexican International Airport. Since Harrison is probably the most frequent transient at this neat, paved airport, it wasn't surprising to find that our Tourist Cards and Flight Permit were completed in short-order. Since this particular flight was around the Christmas Holidays - just as the melons begin to grow - Harrison had the baggage compartment and half the back seat filled high with dime-store toys for the children of "his growers" and their farm hands.

As we clipped off the miles southeastward Harrison explained, "We're going to visit some of 'my growers' and take a look at the melon fields from the air. I can tell a good field from one that is diseased, just by flying over it. This is indispensable to me when we start to 'wheel and deal' during the harvest and selling.

"This time of the year I'll visit ranchers and advance many of them money for seed, fertilizer, insecticide, land rent and tractor or truck parts.



Mexican melon growers discuss crops with Al Harrison, second from left, and Charlie Withrow, right.

The end of a busy day of loading trucks at Al Harrison's warehouse in Nogales, Arizona. This was "Fiesta Day" at the end of the 1964 harvest, with steaks and beer for all employees and friends.

Al Harrison, center, and Charlie Withrow, left, distribute "dime store" presents to Mexican children at an isolated Melon ranch in the State of Sonora, Mexico.

Everyone in "town" turns out to watch as Al Harrison prepares to take off from a tiny village in Sinaloa.

Then I'm assured of their crop." In a two-day period, I watched Harrison write some $10,000 in checks to growers.

Normally it takes watermelons 90 days to grow, but the early-to-market premium melons are actually out-of-season and take 120 to 150 days to mature. These sub-tropical ranches of Mexico bring from 3 to 6 tons of melons per acre while "State-side" farms, operating during the regular season, will reap from 6 to 20 tons per acre.

As we neared the resort town of Guaymas, Harrison became more intent as he pointed out fertile fields of watermelon that were just beginning to break-ground. We turned inland from the paved highway and circled a well-irrigated farm. Even after a quarter-of-a-century of off-and-on professional flying, it took me a while to locate Harrison's "airport." Actually, it looked like any other narrow dirt road with willow trees, fences and irrigation ditches adjoining.

We "buzzed" the ranch house and a brightly-painted pick-up truck headed for the "airport." Harrison cocked his one eye at the wind, dropped full flaps and eased his plane into a slow, steady final approach. The right wingtip literally flicked through the smaller branches of a willow tree and we touched down right at the end of the flight strip.

"You never have to worry about these trees unless you stick a wingtip in at least two feet," he replied to an unasked question. "The leaves are very light and they don't put much pressure on the tip. If you're going to fly out of 'my farmer's' strips, you just have to get used to that."

No comment!

Harrison, Withrow and grower Serdio Martinez inspected the melon field. Withrow made a number of technical suggestions, Harrison wrote out an advance check for $2,000, presents were given to the many children at the ranch and soon we were ready for take-off.

"Mexico is a pilot's dream," smiled Harrison as we continued southward. "You don't have to fuss around with radio or flight plans. No one is telling you what to do. If you get into the air early in the morning and quit flying at 'siesta time,' you'll seldom have any weather problems because most storms are in the afternoon." Then he added, "But that isn't to say that I haven't put down on a dirt road now and then when the weather ran into the ground."

We visited perhaps five different ranches during that day. The routine was the same; a wide circle of the ranch to check the crop, a routine landing on what modern, paved-runway pilots would rather forget, ground inspection of the crop and the ever-present advance check. Harrison carries all his paper-work in a small zippered folder. There are no contracts; no receipts except the cancelled check. The "Watermelon King" is gambling his money and the Mexican grower is gambling his time and effort. Both hope for a profitable crop.

"I'll usually advance about $100,000 to growers at the start of each season," explained Harrison. "Then, during the hectic days of selling, I have unlimited credit with the Customs brokers and the bank - when I need it. Frequently, I'll be swingin' along with a half-million dollars on the books. You see, I have to pay freight and import duties right on-the-spot, and it may be two or three weeks 'til I get checks back from my markets. However, I've been working in Nogales itself for the past 13 years and fortunately, my credit is good."

During the selling season, it's Harrison who controls the whole watermelon market and sets the prices. "You've gotta make a profit to stay in business, he says between puffs on his cigar. "I try to hold a steady market that gives both my growers and customers a chance to make a profit. Whenever I change my prices, I'll get on the phone and tell all my competitors what I've done. However, when a market owner picks up a truck load or rail car of melons, he's invoiced for the price of the melons as of that hour and date. If a Canadian market receives a load four days later and the price has gone up in the meantime, he'll pay only the original price. Of course, this system also works in reverse."

During our overnight stop in Los Mochis, a thriving industrial town at the terminal of the Chihuahua railroad, it was possible to learn more about the "Watermelon King." Most Mexican ranchers live in town and meet at the "Cantina" after working hours for companionship and perhaps a business transaction or two. And with Al Harrison around, you can bet that there's some business involved. Since he always has to fly the next morning, he orders "Tehuacan con hielo, nada mas." (Tehuacan is a sparkling mineral water.) Harrison has learned from experience that alchohol, hangovers and flying out of the melon-patch don't mix. His ranchers respect his caution.

During the second day of our "Millionaire" tour, Harrison visited towns with the picturesque names of Guasave, Guamuchil, Huatabampo, Guay-

(*Continued on Page* 73)

THE SNEAK ATTACK

by
Jules Barnhardt

The nature of woman does not permit her to resort to physical violence, generally . . .she attacks from behind!

The female mind is, indeed, something to behold. The manner in which this specialized piece of machinery works is truly amazing. Even the supposed DUMB BROAD knows how to be wise about men. She may not have a master's degree to shake in a man s face, but has something far more effective -- an undulating posterier that makes a man real stupid. When this happens, the omnipotent male acts as though he was literally hypnotized and told . . . "you are now going into a trance . . . you are no longer able to think clearly . . . you will follow what you see before you . . . you are unable to resist the insinuation of greater joy to come."

THIS INSIDIOUS ATTACK FROM BEHIND makes the treachery of Pearl Harbor look like a tea party. The casualities among the hypnotized army of male studs runs high, as is to be expected whenever an army is caught with it's DEFENSE PLANTS DOWN.

Man's vanity seldom permits him to believe he's been had. He believes it always applies to the other guy. And in this particular situation, what does a poor defenseless female know about warfare? What does she know about in-fighting and how to protect herself in the clinches? Whatever it is she knows, however, and it goes far beyond the formidable maneuvers of Judo and Karate.

Like many other misconceptions of who needs the protection, the time-tested REAR-END ATTACK by the militant maidens employs a psycho-sexual kind of warfare against which there is no effective defense.

(Cont. on Page 74)

Millionaire

MAGAZINE JOINS TOP TV SHOW CELEBRATION

by Charlesworth and Roberts

A new production company peopled with three successful pros, Stuart W. Phelps, Jack Reeves and Jesse Martin, has a winner in the sparkling star-studded coast-to-coast NBC color show, "What's this Song?".

The young video champ evolved when the dynamic Phelps-Reeves-Martin team mixed brilliant talents of Radio-TV star and recording artist, Win Martindale, and contestants paired with a galaxy of stimulating weekly guest celebrities.

The lively show has caught the fancy of both the soap-opera bored housewife as well as grandpa and the youngsters.

In blase Hollywood, where few need to have reason for throwing a party, the producers were so elated with the Show's ratings (running neck and neck with "I Love Lucy"), that a gala Sunset Strip Cocktail party was in order.

Furthermore, when Millionaire publisher Ed Kelly arrived with a charming starlet, he discovered that some pretty fancy hors d'oeuvres, created by a blow torch, were being passed around!

Many of the guests were stars who had appeared in the past on the "strictly for fun and money" show. A contingent of show biz and metropolitan press were also on hand to join in the celebration. M

"What's This Song?" announcer, Steve Dunne . . . and star, Win Martindale, obviously deep in discussion on their new hit show.

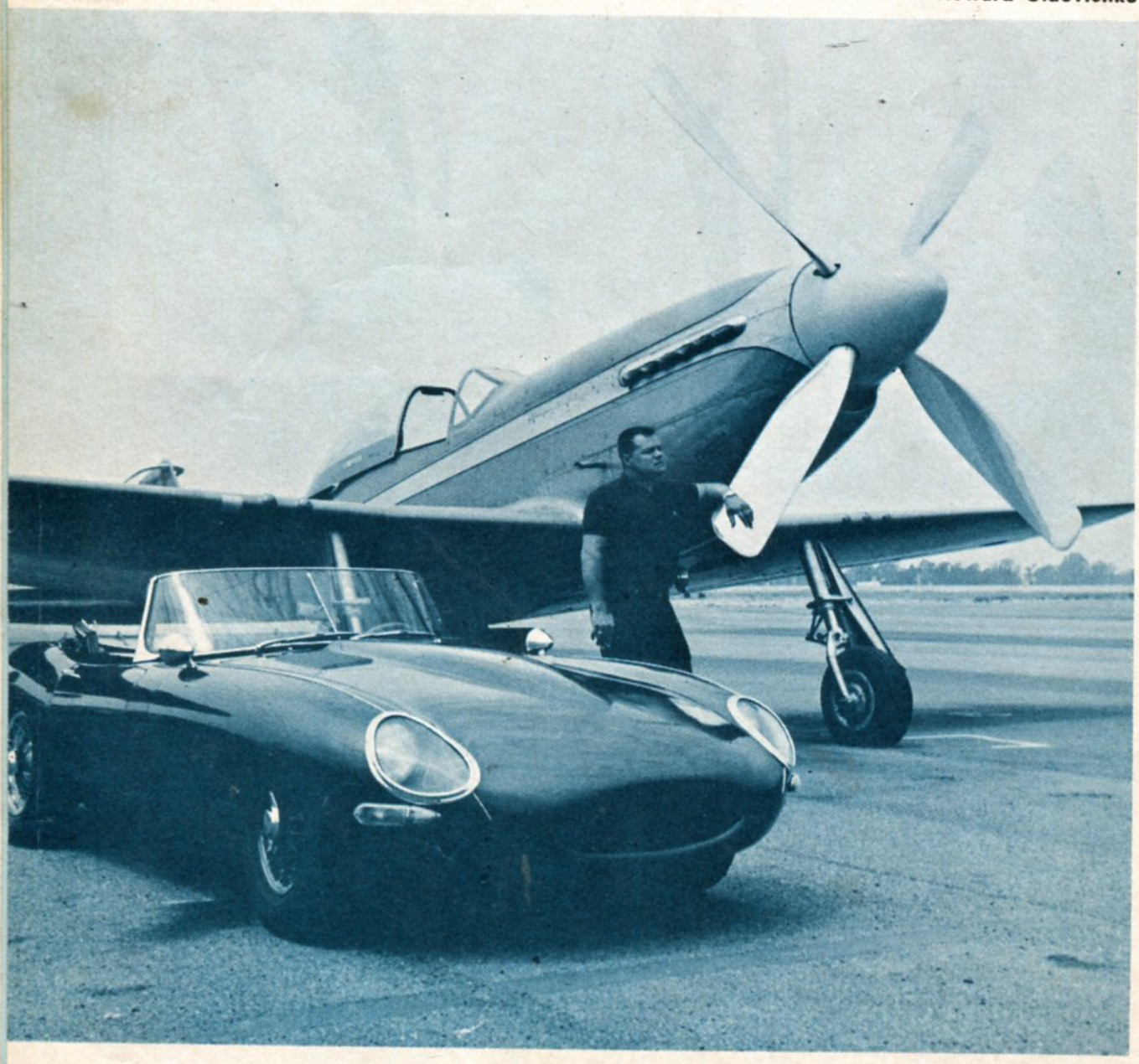
Ruth Crane with fiance Doug McClure, "What's This Song?" producers Jesse Martin and Stuart W. Phelps, and Dick Loeb, NBC West Coast head of daytime programming.

Lovely Lowe Stevens with Bonanza's Lorne Green and MILLIONAIRE Publisher, Ed Kelly.

Mary Markham with Ruta Lee, rising young Hollywood star. Miss Markham is responsible for securing the stars that appear on "What's This Song?".

JAGUAR MILLIONAIRE TOY

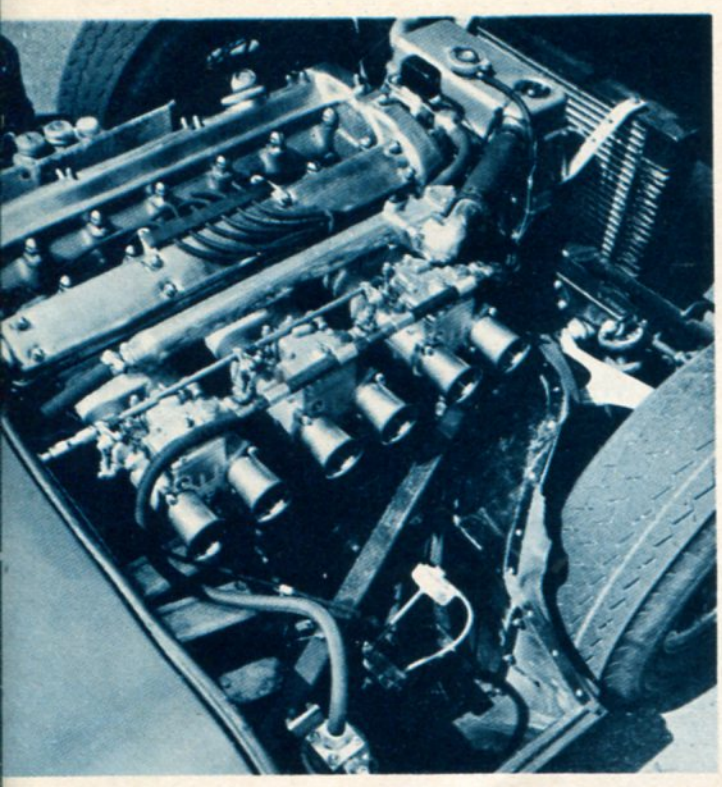
The man who makes JAGUARS go.
Howard Gidovlenko



Howard Gidovlenko may soon be known as a man who makes Jaguar go. He definitely thinks like a millionaire. At present he is probably recognized most for having engineered a transmission adaptable to the classic looking XK-E which makes it go without grinding the gears while pulling away from comparable cars on the street.

Auto-Dyne, Inc., the automotive division of Avia-Union, was established in mid 1962 for the purpose of designing, developing and distributing high performance equipment for the XK-E Jaguar automobile.

The development of such equipment was a natural extention of the programs undertaken by Avia-Union since its founding in 1949. Since its inception, Avia-Union has engaged in the design, fabrication, and test of racing aircraft, powerplants, and racing hydroplanes. In 1950 Avia-Union developed a modified Allison powerplant for the unlimited class hydroplane *"Slo-Mo-Shun IV"*. This craft scored victories in the Gold Cup, the Harmsworth Trophy Race, and returned the world's water speed record from England to the United States. From 1950 to 1954, "Slo-Mo-Shun IV" and its teammate "Slo-Mo-Shun V",



Perfected Auto-Dyne Jaguar Power Plant.

Howard Gidovlenko and Edgar F. Kaiser checking out the hydro "HAWAII KAI III"

both powered by Avia-Union, were absolutely dominant in water competition. The period from 1955 through 1959 saw equally brilliant success scored by the hydros "*Hawaii Kai III*" and later "Maverick" and "Shanty I", all powered by Avia-Unions powerplants. During 1962 the decision was made to extend Avia-Union's operations into the field of automobile racing, drawing on the firm's years of accrued experiences in engine and airframe design. Auto-Dyne, established to implement this work, commenced an extensive development program aimed at perfection of an improved version of the Jaguar engine. Development was also undertaken in the areas of improved transmissions, drive trains, braking and suspension systems, accessories and sheet metal components. The program has centered on the *XK-E Jaguar chassis* and powerplant, although many of the products and modifications which have been perfected are applicable to earlier Jaguar machinery.

During 1962, Mr. Gidovlenko built a car that is almost exactly the same as the 1965 newly improved Jaguar. The difference is so slight between the two, it makes you wonder. I must admit however, that Jaguar did change the seats; there had to be a difference somewhere.

Even though Jaguar did build a car with a fully synchronized gear box, it still isn't as positive as the transmission in the Jaguar cars built by Mr. Gidovlenko. The difference in the two engines is one thousandth of an inch in spacing of the cylinders.

The Auto-Dyne Hyperdyne cam was designed on the computer at the Ford Systems Plant (Aeronutronics). Howard rented the use of the mechanical brain to attain his figures for the lift and duration of the valves. It is of interest to note the Indy Ford Lotus cam was designed the same way and this engine resulted with virtually the same figures as the Auto-Dyne Jaguar. The suspension is greatly improved in the Auto-Dyne car and Howard showed the way for the needed oil cooler. Any Jaguar owner can appreciate the improvement Auto-Dyne has designed in their cars, and Dan Gurney had given his stamp of approval to the car.

Auto-Dyne at present has a car on the track that is amazing other "B" Production drivers. There isn't another Jaguar in the country that goes like this one.

What does the future hold in store for Auto-Dyne? Well there is an idea on paper for a turbine car designed for the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race. Probably of more interest, however, is the high powered maximum effort car being produced for street use. This is basically an XK-E, highly improved. The car gets a nose job for one thing. The entire hood section has been streamlined and all seams and ridges have been eliminated. The new nose section will be machined from aircraft aluminum. The doors and trunk lid will be of this material also cutting down on the weight of the car.

The power will come from a 4.7 liter engine coupled with a five-speed gear box from the famed European ZF Factory. The top speed will be very close to 200 MPH.

The suspension will be strengthened and the brake discs enlarged so the car will still handle smoothly and stop quickly. This car will be more than competitive on the market with Ferrari, Aston Martin, and other extremely hi-performance automobiles.

As Jaguar advancement progresses, you may look for Howard Gidovlenko and Auto-Dyne to show the way. 𝓜

KEN MURRAY

Millionaire

BABY SITTER OF THE MONTH

Millionaire Magazine had the honor of having Ken Murray baby sit with two of the beautiful Millionairess Models, *Tiffinee* and *Cheri Hanna*. The party was held at the 400 Club in Los Angeles. Murray heartily agreed, "Baby-sitting was never like this."

Murray, whose fame skyrocketed with his "Ken Murray Blackouts," then embarked on a long engagement to New York where he is opening "Home Movies" at the John Golden Theater on Broadway. The "Home Movies" include some vivid portrayals of the old days at Hurst's San Simeon Castle including the late Chief W. R. Hurst.

The party was hosted by Happy Koomer, Club Proprietor, and Jack Kruschen, Academy Award nominee for "The Apartment", and also co-staring with John Wayne in "McLintock".

The party included:

Actress Michele Montau, of film and TV credits; Perry Lopez, who costarred in "Taras Bulba" with Tony Curtis and with Jimmie Stewart in "Rare Breed," not yet released; Gary Conway and his comely wife, Marian McKnight, former "Miss America"; John Anderson, currently starring in "Abraham Lincoln" at Actors' Theater, Hollywood; Millionaire Magazine was well represented by a bevy of Millionairess Models.

KEN MURRAY, baby sits with beautiful starlet TIFFINEE and Cheri HANNA of the MILLIONAIRE Magazine. Quips KEN, "I always thought that a baby-sitter just sat and watched TV and raided the refrigerator. Boy, with these beauties, I feel like the Ladie's Home Companion."

Briefcase presented to Ken Murray. Gail Van der Most, Hollywood Starlet and Millionairess Model could very well be termed "Lady In Leather" or "Miss Briefcase", depending on the way you look at it. Gail posed for the finished briefcase, presented to Ken Murray of Hollywood "Black-Out" fame now wowing them in New York. Gail's figure on the briefcase is embossed completely to give a filagree effect. 24K gold kid-skin was used to back up the hand carved design. The Briefcase is hand made and took a little over 300 hours to complete. Gail Van der Most took quite a bit longer than that. . .

Jack Kruschen, it seems, suffered the most while Ken Murray and Happy Koomer read Millionaire Magazine. Would you say that they are suffering too?

Bobby Douglass, came from England to sit with Margo and give her a few pointers on the clarinet

Mickey Hargity got an award from the City of Los Angeles for bravery beyond the call of duty for rescuing a beautiful Millionairess in distress in Paris

To join, all you have to do is subscribe to Millionaire Magazine and pay for your official Baby Sitter cards.

These cards will have your name and address on them. You will receive 500 of these beautiful, official Baby Sitting business cards to give out to your friends and visiting girls when they arrive.

I want to join "MILLIONAIRES BABY SITTING CLUB." Enclosed find $10.00 for a one year subscription (6 issues) of Millionaire Magazine and payment for my "Official Baby Sitter" cards.

Print on my official cards:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

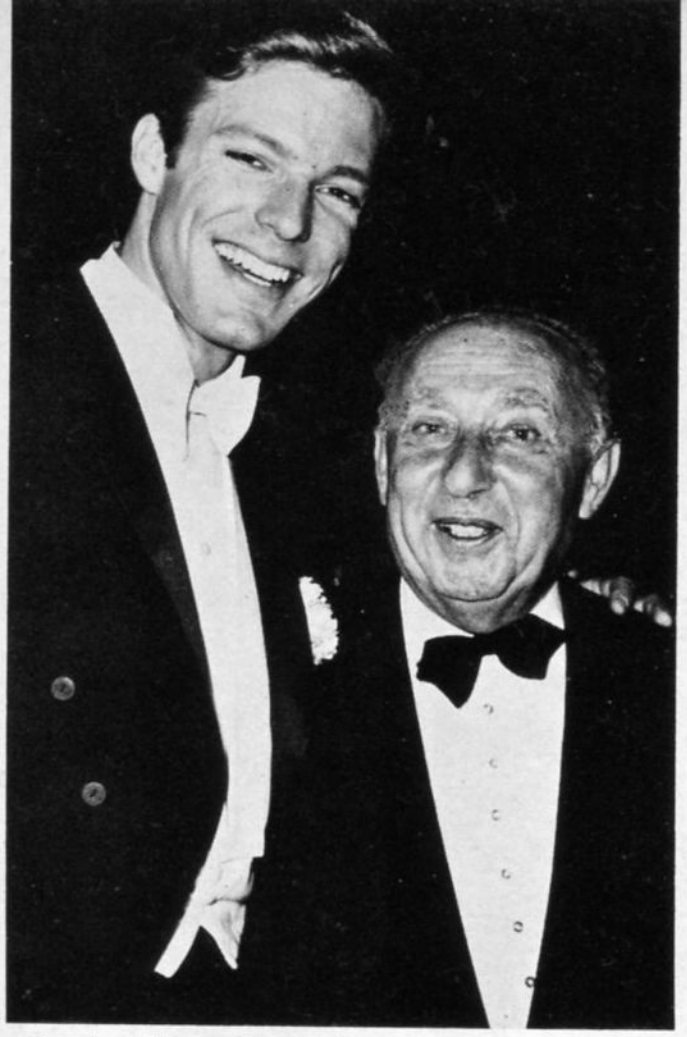
State_____

Telephone_____

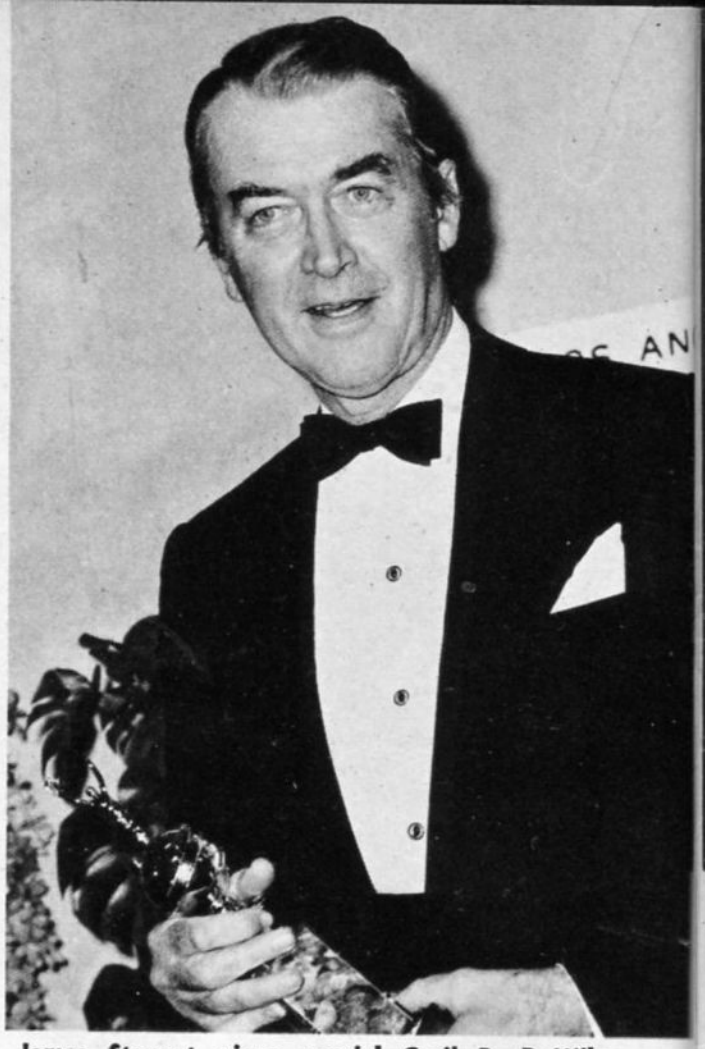
Send to: MILLIONAIRE MAGAZINE
2789 Long Beach Boulevard
Long Beach, California 90806

Maureen Gaffney, a former Heiress of the Month —now doing great things in Hollywood, enjoyed herself too. See her in "The Harlow Story".

Cesar Romero and Zsa Zsa Gabor
seem to be sharing the same handbag, but
we're sure it belongs to Zsa Zsa



Popular Richard Chamberlain
in a happy mood with Joseph Pasternak,
producer of the
37th Academy Award Presentations



James Stewart given special Cecil B. DeMille
award for outstanding contribution to
the film industry by the Foreign Press

JOE BARDO OUR MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Aimy Archerd interviews Joan Crawford
as Deliah Lavi and James Mason look on

Julie Andrews, winner of the Golden Globe
and Academy Award being escorted to
Sound of Music by Roddy McDodell

Edie Adams giving Millionaire Photographer Joe Bardo a big wink at the party after "Lord Jim".

Caroll Baker and Marcello Mastroianni being torn away from their conversation by the demands from photographers

What a round of events happened in Hollywood this issue. First the Golden Globes Awards presented by the Hollywood Foreign Press at the Coconut Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel. Elegantly dressed stars and other celebrities attended this 22nd annual affair. At the same time this show was being taped for the Andy Williams Show on television.

Julie Andrews, winning many top accolades for her performance in "Mary Poppins" and Rex Harrison of "My Fair Lady" picked up Golden Globes as, "best motion picture performers, musical or comedy."

Italy's handsome Marcello Mastroianni made many of our ladies heart skip a beat as he appeared to pick up a golden globe named as the worlds favorite actor and he gave the girls an added treat for then he returned to pick up another golden globe this one for his female counterpart Sophia Loren who was named the world's favorite actress.

"Marriage, Italian Style" which co-stars Marcello and Sophia was named best foreign production of 1964.

Also honored that night were Peter O'toole of "Becket" and Anne Bancroft of "The Pumpkin Eater" were named best actor and actress in a drama.

"My Fair Lady" also was selected as the best musical or comedy of 1964 and "Becket" as the best drama.

Much to my joy but no surprise to me was the award my long time acquaintance, George Cukor, received a golden globe for his direction in "My Fair Lady" and also named best director of the year by the Directors Guild of America.

Running down the Boulevard a few days later I attended the West Coast Premiere of "Lord Jim" at the Stanley Warner Theater, Beverly Hills.

The mistress of ceremonies at this event was none other than the most shining of all stars, "Miss Joan Crawford."

The Woman's Guild presented the premiere and also presented a check of over $100,000 for the free bed care to the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center from the proceeds of this great premiere.

Mink and ermine crushed against sable and chinchilla in the forecourt of the theatre, for Hollywoods greats were jammed shoulder to shoulder.

A few of the notables attending were, Tommy Sands and wife Nancy, Universal International Studio's Mr. Big, Ross Hunter, with Nancy Sinatra Sr. glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor with Hubert, and beautiful women in the presons of, Jane Wyman, Edie Adams, Janet Leigh, Barbara Stanwyck, and Polly Bergen. Along with members of the cast - James Mason, Eli Wallach, and exotic Daliah Lavi, the female star of this beautiful Columbia Release. Last and most noticable, was the director Richard Brooks and wife Jean Simmons.

This is a very exciting film and a special acclaim to Frederick A. Young the cinematographer for his exciting photography.

After the Theatre a glorious party was held for all at the Beverly Hilton Hotel where the music played and the wine poured till the wee hours.

After a short rest of a few days, Perry Lieber, publicity director of 20th Century-Fox Studios invited me to one of the most festive Hollywood premiere's of this year, the formal opening of Producer-Director Robert Wise's beautiful film version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The Sound of Music" Glorious, Glorious, Glorious, is what I say of this film which is based on the real life story of the Von Trapp Family Singers. Look for my review of this film on page _____.

Lobby glances revealed the star of the film, Julie Andrews escorted by Roddy McDowall, Julie's co-star Christopher Plummer with his Mrs., Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck, Connie Stevens, my friend, Gardner McKay, beautiful Dorothy Malone, Glynis Johns, vivacious Arlene Dahl, wearing a beautiful multi-colored floor length coat as vivid as her red hair, Miss first nighter Zsa Zsa Gabor, Edie Adams and up and coming beauty with an exquiste figure Requel Welsh.

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TOASTMASTERS TELL HOW TO SPEAK LIKE A *Millionaire*

by Howard E. Hill

If there was one word that I could adequately use to describe the average devotee of *Toastmastering*, I would say it is a person who is *reaching*.

When I first set about gathering material for this article, I was on more than one occasion confronted with the somewhat narrow and circumscribing term *ambitious*, but I was compelled to abandon this limited word for the broader concept of an expanding level of consciousness — not always sure of where it wants to go, but none the less, groping for new horizons. It is this basic quest for fulfillment that has made America great, and the 4,000 or more active club groups spread over the free world are the last remaining bulwarks of individualistic thought and enterprise. And if the founder, Dr. Ralph Smedly, ever attains immortality, it will spring from the deep wells of the human mind that have found a means of self expression within the basic training idea that this man designed so hopefully back in the fall of 1924 in a small meeting room in the YMCA building located in Santa Ana, California.

From this modest beginning, a concept of leadership training has grown and matured to fantastic proportions. There is nothing within the broad areas of human thought that even approaches its fundamental quality of basic soundness. Every step of the way in the training that is offered for the price of a weekly meal and a cost to the novitiate of a few pennies a day for dues, serves to bring into focus the fact of true, "love thy neighbor as thyself," individualism. Even though the gains that accrue to any given member often seem evanescent, sometimes illusuory, the values that are accumulated, tend to attach themselves to a member in a manner that is comparable to the gradual collection of minute mineral deposits that eventually create a beautiful piece of coral. Should the foregoing statement have the appearance of an ad man's dream, I suggest you try a local meeting on for size.

For the person who wants to go places there is nothing in the world to match the friendly, *rough and tumble* verbal jousting to quicken and enrich the mental processes.

During the years since I first joined the Beverly Hills Toastmasters Club #43, I have heard literally thousands of speeches, ranging in length from a few cogent remarks to more or less carefully prepared, full length talks. From this vast contact with the minds of other members, I have gained an immense background of information, but far more significantly, I have accumulated a deep insight into the thinking practices and *responses* of business and professional men from nearly every field of enterprise. Truly, a practical, advanced, "Liberal Arts" education that cannot be duplicated in any other participating club venture.

At this point it might be well to admit that my observations would lack verity if I failed to point out a few of the more obvious limitations of club activities. One of these situations that has always *bugged* me is the tendency of a club group to fall into an established meeting pattern that seems to breed a built-in resistance to any new ideas. In other words, *creativity* is not always encouraged. Through the years I have watched more than one club, particularly my own, fall apart for this very reason. Why this unfortunate situation should prevail I do not know, unless it is the natural human tendency to *follow the line of least resistence.*

In clubs where I have had the privilege of observing that they constantly practice originality in all of the scheduled meetings, I find that without exception these groups can always boast a full membership roster, good attendance at all meetings, and a lively participation that is both stimulating and challenging. It is within this ideal situation that members not only grow mentally, but the priceless ingredient that is added spells out success for the individual member in many ways. In brief, he learns to talk and act like a *Millionaire.*

In the event that you are not now a member of Toastmasters, you should be — and the one way you can promptly surmount this short-coming is to seek out the club group in your community and present your qualifications for membership for consideration. If there isn't a club in your town, write to Maurice Forely, International Executive Secretary, a pleasant and forthright person who knows Toastmastering like the back of his hand, for full procedural directions on how to form an organization in your neighborhood.

In addition to the local level activities each seven clubs organize into a loosely knit *Area* association. This upgrading combination of leadership training endeavor is presided over by an Area Governor and the usual complement of officers, but it is interesting to note that this superstructure, as well as all other member groupings above the club level is highly selective. Inclusion in any activity beyond the local is by invitation only. To gain recognition for personal qualities above and beyond the ordinary, a member must display not only the ability to speak well, but he must also possess certain attributes of leadership that include: (1) An apptitude for communicating thoughts and ideas to others. (2) A resilience of character that tends to reduce friction in dealing with fellow members. (3) A talent for accepting the directives of the District Organization and be they dull or imaginative, carry them out by effective persuasion.

In the District, usually composed of seven Areas, or approximately fifty clubs, there is the Head Man, or District Governor, to *influence* the endeavors of the normal number of officers and directors, plus the seven Area Governors. This body of top level associates *advises and consents* to the leadership of the Home Office in Santa Ana, California.

Top heavy with chiefs, and not enough Indians? Not a bit of it. Unweidly? Still the answer is no. Plainly this might seem to be a contradiction, but in truth the entire purpose and intent of Toastmastering is to give every *willing* member a chance to show his prowess, either potential, or developed. Instead of the usual year in office, there is a grand reshuffling of leadership every six months. This apparent ambiguity of purpose is deliberate and with sound intent. Since every man

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WORLD'S SEXIEST MILLIONAIRE

BY CYRUS W. BELL
PHOTOS FROM LOBELLO, ROME

Rome, Italy - -

Not long ago Sophia Loren dropped in at Paris' hallowed-hall Louvre for a peek at another Italian beauty, the Mona Lisa masterpiece of De Vinci. Wearing a black mink coat, a black dress and her black hair in shoulder length, Sophia paused for her first look several minutes in front of the lady with the famed painted smile.

The meeting between the two Italian beauties was recorded for posterity by a television crew and news cameras, while a crowd of nearly 200 people--having abandoned the billion dollars worth of other Louvre paintings--gaped in awe at Sophia. All eyes were riveted on you-know-who, and it was plain, *mamma mia,* that Miss Loren had stolen the show from De Vinci's girl who bravely kept her game smile, though playing second fiddle for the first time in her life.

The newsmen covering the story that day went back to their type-

writers to ask the world why anybody would want to look at the Mona Lisa when Sophia Loren was around. It was a good question because judging from the crowd, the statuesque millionairess held more interest for art lovers than the Gioconda who's worth a couple of million herself. However, that day at the Louvre the world's sexiest millionaire was a bigger attraction, but the reporters who tried to explain why, simply ran out of words, words, words. . . .

No mortal typewriter can really do justice to Sophia Loren. Even the collection of adjectives on Page 424 of the Thesaurus doesn't do the trick.

"Alluring, seducing, etc.; attractive, seductive; enchant-, entranc-, enravish-, engag-, tantaliz-ing; winsome; provocative, *provoquant* (F.); appetizing, mouth-watering; delightful etc. (see 829.8); lovely etc. (see 835.8); likeable etc. (see 897.17)."

Now nobody is telling Mr. Roget how to compile a Thesaurus, but somebody ought to ask him if that's the *best* he can do for Italy's hottest piece of movie property. Someone ought to tell Roget that the beauteous box-office bambina, whose top-to-bottom Sophian virtues (38-24-38) has made her a millionaire several times over, not only has inched out all her rivals but has, next to olive oil and opera, become her country's major export.

Curiously enough, the pasta-strengthened measurements of The Boot's eye-bulging cinemadonna have become treasured statistics to any male connoisseur over the age of 15½ thanks to the one person who's her biggest competitor. Yes, Gina Lollobrigida, believe it or not. Over lunch not long ago, Sophia told this correspondent she never needed a press agent because her cheesecake rival--the one with the seven syllables to her name--played a key role in ballyhooing the Loren moniker into celluloid gold.

Up until the time Gina got mixed into Sophia's career, the latter had been scrapping for attention via the treacherous road of losing one beauty contest after another and the poisonous job of making cheap B-movies. Like hundreds of other Italian dishes, Sophia was just much more chicken cacciatore for those gourmets who like the breast better than the leg.

Then along came Gina.

Miss Lollo-etc., had been making a series of motion pictures under Italy's leading director, Vittorio De Sica, in which she played the part of "Frisky" dressed in a burlap costume and riding a donkey. The first of these, called "Bread, Love and Dreams," netted Gina $48,000, the sequel, entitled "Bread, Love and Dreams," netted her $96,000.

But when De Sica wanted Gina for the third one, "Bread, Love and Wine," she demanded half the profits. De Sica said, no, no, no, no. The Italian movie industry at the time couldn't meet such prices, so he scouted up an unknown by the name of Sophia Lazzaro (later Sophia Loren) whose measurements in the upper slopes exceeded Gina's by two inches.

"De Sica must be crazy," cat-remarked Gina to newsmen when she heard that Frisky would be done by an actress who stood 5' 8" in her wet stockings. "The girl is too big for the part. How do you expect that little donkey to carry a horse?"

Despite Gina's equine reference to her second-string replacement, the new Frisky did not make an ass of herself. She was a big bust, however, and that's what went over at the box-office where another type of statistic prevails. And Gina found herself no longer the front runner of Italy's large inventory of bosomy actresses.

Then as luck would have it, the two girls chanced to cross paths in public for the first time. There resulted a "scene." It happened at the Venice Film Festival in the summer of '55. Because Gina, an established international figure, did not bother to nod hello or extend the minimum social graces to her would-be successor, Sophia sounded off in the public prints: "You might have thought that she would at least have stopped to say a few encouraging words, or something pleasant--but no!"

Confronted with a clipping of this, La Lollobrigida's eyes flared. Barked she: "Basta! Enough! I don't want to hear any more about that Neapolitan giraffe."

Poor Gina. She's been having to "hear" about that sexy signorina ever since, for Sophia's career has bounced along under its own steam quite well, thank you. After some 50 pictures, which have racked in more than $30 million for her producers (not to mention her share of the loot), Sophia is a millionaire several times over. Though she has yet to become the world's richest woman, she is indeed the most ravishing millionairess of them all.

It hasn't always been so comfy and cozy for the 31-year-old Sophia. In her early days she knew nothing but dire poverty. Her story reads like something a movie script writer might have dreamed up.

Sophia Loren was born an illegitimate child in Rome on September 20, 1934, and raised in the slums of Naples. In her youth she gave no evidence of ever growing into a beauty--a beaut, maybe, but certainly not a beauty. As a kid Sophia was considered ugly, and for many years she responded to the nickname of "Stecchetto," which means "Toothpick" or "Little Stick" in Italian. The name fit her just right because at the age of nine she was tall and gawky. She had a face that seemed to have been all mouth--and that was all teeth.

"I remember those days," Sophia eamly told me one day as she sipped a tiny cup of caffe espresso in her canvas-backed chair at Cinecitta. "I remember them bitterly. For I was, you might say, without a home during the war. We dodged bullets and scrounged for bread. The American soldiers practically kept me and my baby sister alive with their C-rations and other food handouts. They taught me 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo' and this I had to sing for them in order to get the food."

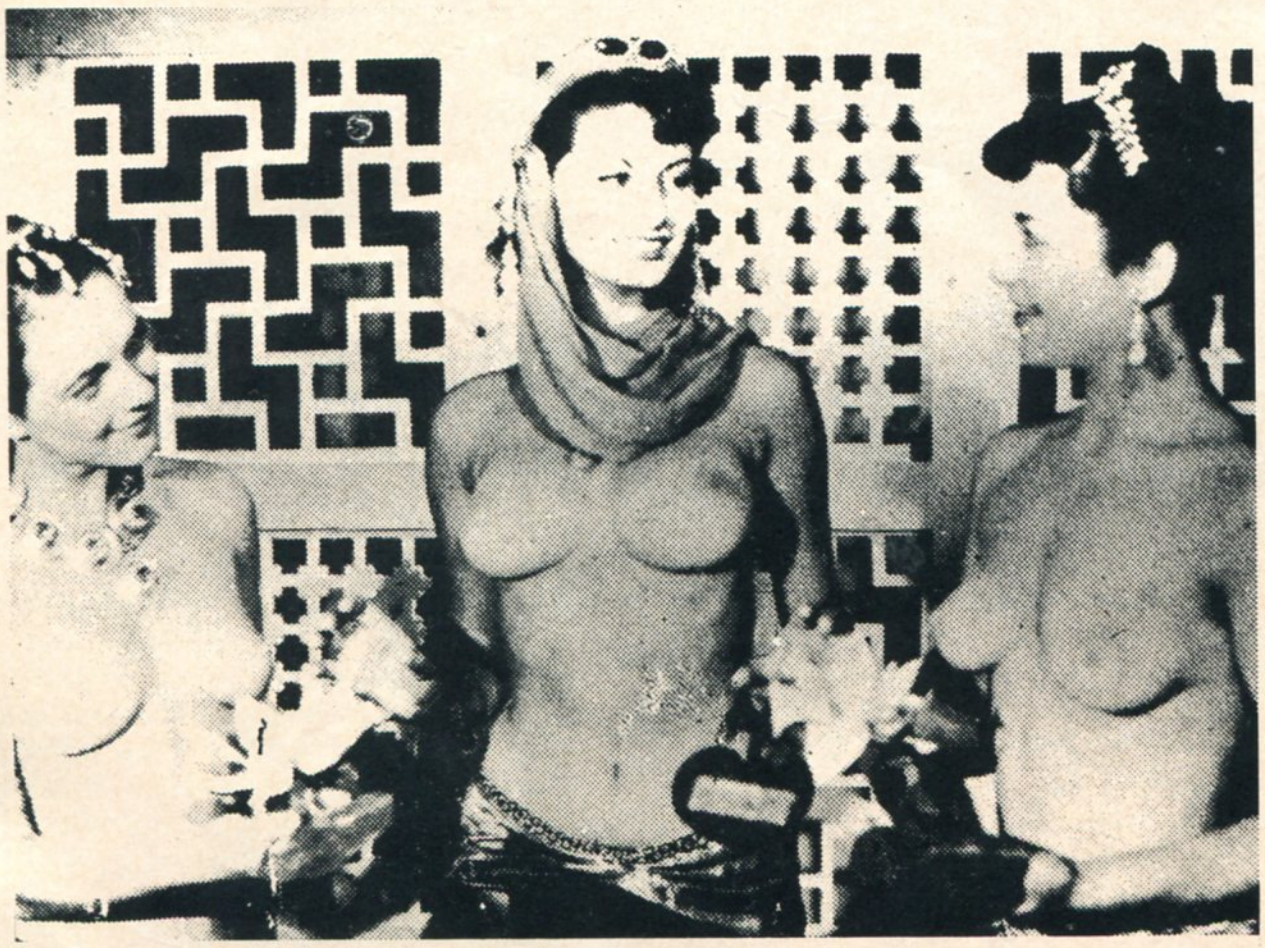
Once when Sophia was sleeping in a railroad yard, enemy planes buzzed by to bomb the area. As she tried to scoot into a nearby tunnel for protection, a block-buster knocked her a few feet into the air and left her bleeding and unconscious in the dark.

"I landed with my chin on a railroad tie with such force that it was cut open," she said, fingering the scar on the left side of her face. "You see, I have memories of the war outside as well as inside."

That Sophia Loren ever lived in the

Sophia firmly believes men pay far too much attention to her upper anatomy— and picture indicates why.

In the film "Two Nights With Cleopatra" Sophia (center) had a chance to show her stuff— Photo taken from actual movie frame of the film.



environment of Italy's port metropolis seems almost incredible today. That she was once upon a time a dirty-faced dead end kid seems even more incredible. Not until she had become an international star did she succeed in getting rid of her "bastard" status in Italy's official records by suing her father for his surname, a surname that she could legally call her own. Since her father Riccardo had never bothered to marry Sophia's mom, his daughter had to sue him for the right to call herself "Sofia Scicolone."

For her father Sophia today has little use, particularly since he was free to marry her mother but chose to marry another woman and leave Sophia and her mom in the lurch. But it was the mother, Romilda Villani, whose courage and foresight brought on her daughter's eventual climb from "down-there" to "up-here." Something happened to The Stick at the age of 14; suddenly she flowered into a lovely young girl whose figure had filled out so ripely she now looked like a mature woman of 30.

Mamma Romilda decided that this creature with her tremendous green eyes, which often sparkled with the mysterious aura of gold, and her hourglass, wasp-waist figure would be wasted on the Neapolitan street gangs. Herself a pretty good pianist, Romilda was determined that her older daughter become somebody instead of some body. And what better way to gain attention in Italy than through the medium of beauty contests?

Scraping together enough lire to pay for the round-trip fares to Milan, mother entered daughter in a tournament to elect "The Princess of the Sea." For that competition the impoverished 15-year-old girl wore a home-made pink evening gown that had been sewed long enough so as to hide the fact that Sophia's bare feet were not bedecked with evening shoes.

But Sophia, alas, didn't win. She came in second. She tried again in Naples and again placed as runner-up. In another contest in Rome, Sophia--still in her bare feet--caused quite a stir when one official wanted to disqualify her because she had no opera pumps on. As it turned out, however, the other judges not having noticed her feet so much as they had her other appendages awarded her first prize.

Now Sophia, Mamma Romilda and kid sister Maria (who today is married to jazz artist Romano Mussolini, son of the dictator) moved their belongings into a Rome apartment and plotted to assault Hollywood on the Tiber.

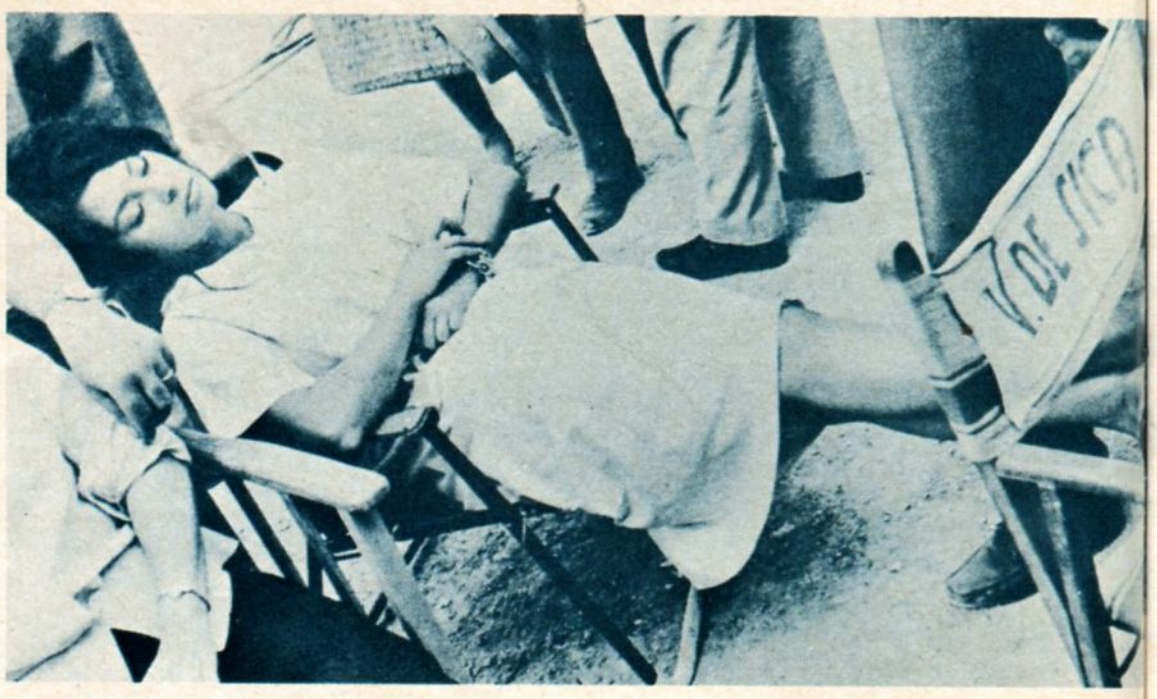
But Rome's movie colony already had Gina Lollobrigida whose incontrovertible sheaf of statistics had spread like wildfire in the United States. So Sophia had to content herself with posing for "fumetti" (Italy's unique type of comic books in which human models act out the simple plots in fixed poses with the dialogue written in balloons overhead). One issue, which featured the slant-eyed Sophia in some of the most daring poses ever seen, was confiscated by the Italian carabinieri who have never been known to take a dim view of busty damsels.

The adverse publicity with the fumetti--if you want to call it adverse--earned Sophia some parts in a series of strictly B-movies in which her accessories were vaguely concealed. In many of the scenes, filmed for European consumption only, Sophia pranced around naked to the waist. In "Two Nights With Cleopatra" she bared her northern regions in several close-up shots, while in "Woman of the River" she showed her southern exposure unabashedly.

The Italian film critics paid scant attention to Sophia, except when they had something derisive to say. The reviewer for Rome's *Il Messaggero* quipped that "Signorina Loren registers all emotion with her bosom," while *Il Tempo's* hatchet-man snidely remarked that "Sophia has a minimum of talent and a maximum of everything else."

In all, Sophia ground out a double dozen of these semi-nudies before Director De Sica tabbed her for the donkey ride. Producer Carlo Ponti--whom she later married in Mexico--signed her to a long-term pact and got her the lead in the film version of Verdi's "Aida," in which the superb singing voice of Renata Tebaldi was dubbed in.

Audiences abroad soon got a load of the slinky phenomenon who played the slave girl to the Egyptian princess, a role that allowed Sophia to do supreme justice to the wisps of chiffon she had draped over her healthy up-



Sophia catching a wink between takes.

pers. One stateside critic, a little on the naive side, noted: "This is a magnificent voice for a magnificent chest!"

But anybody who suspected that Aida's vocal chords belonged in reality to an opera singer knew for certain that no amount of trick cinema-tography could fake what penetrative eyes had seen--no less enhanced by glorious technicolor and the stereophonic music of Giuseppe Verdi.

Mamma Romilda's ugly duckling had found the golden rainbow. Within the time it takes to tell, Sophia was getting 44 tons of publicity a day--and the first million dollars was not long in coming. Hollywood soon wanted some of the Lorenesque abundance to fill out its own wide-screen. Producer-director Jean Negulesco started the ball rolling in California by co-starring her as a Greek sponge-diver with Alan Ladd and Clifton Webb in "Boy on a Dolphin." And she was on her way. She was on her way because anyone who saw that torrid flick will never quite forget Sophia as she emerges from the drink dripping wet and pops herself into the sponge boat with a big healthy bounce, ahem. After that Sophia made films alongside Frank Sinatra, alongside Tony Perkins, alongside John Wayne, alongside Bill Holden, alongside Cary Grant, alongside Anthony Quinn and alongside Clark Gable.

Some of these films were financial flops but all of them were artistic bombs. Yet they nevertheless helped establish Sophia Loren as a household word (so who needs Gina?). Her depth as an actress was discovered back in Europe and brought out by there's-that-man-again De Sica, a fellow Neapolitan who understands Sophia's inner fire better than no one else. It was under his careful wand that she won the Academy Award for her interpretation in "Two Women" and in 1965 a second Academy nomination for her portrayal in "Marriage Italian Style." That epic and another De Sica masterpiece, "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (both shot with Marcello Mastroianni) have been tumbling box-office records everywhere.

One ironic footnote about "Two Women" (unreported until now) is that originally Sophia was scheduled to do the part of the daughter and Anna Magnani was to do the mother. But Magnani had some other commitments and at the last minute could not take on the assignment. So De Sica rewrote the part of the daughter and made it for a 13-year-old girl and re-did the lead for a young mother which he gave to Sophia. The rest is Oscar history. For Sophia it has been her supreme moment because it established her as an actress and offset some of the sexpot image she doesn't particularly care about.

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Sophia loves to play poker at the drop of a hat—
And whips out her own deck whenever
there's a free moment on the set.

Devoted to her mom,
Sophia writes to her almost every
day using the hunt-and-peck
system on the typewriter.

"Millionaire" correspondent Cyrus W. Bell (right) chats with Sophia Loren
during shooting of her recent ABC-TV film, "Sophia Loren in Rome"
which, producer Norman Baer (center) shot.

Although of even temperament,
Sophia sometimes shows her ire, even towards men like
director Vittorio De Sica who here tries to make up after a minor squabble.

BET A Million JOHN W. GATES

BY STOOKIE ALLEN

One hot summer day back in 1876, a young man climbed out of a stage coach in front of the Menger Hotel in San Antonio, Texas. With a burlap bag in hand, he paused to stare distastefully up and down the dusty street. Seven cattlemen, sitting tilted back in chairs, chewing tobacco, eyed the young stranger just as distastefully, and barely nodded when he gave them a big hello.

The heat, the dust, and the grumpy reception from the cattlemen depressed the bulky youngster of twenty-one as he tramped into the lobby. He wondered how in the world he was going to rouse these sleepy Texans enough to sell them his new invention, BARBED WIRE.

For months, the cattlemen laughed at his idea of containing their wild cattle with a few strands of wire. But the youngster was determined and stuck around, passing away the time by gambling in the saloons. Often the only money he had was the few dollars he could pick up by playing poker. He shook a thousand hands and spoke ten thousand words in behalf of his barbed wire. All listened, for he was a persuasive talker, but nobody gave him an order. "It won't work," they said. "We like you, Gates, but your wire ain't any good."

Then the big idea struck . . .A showman's trick! That's what he needed. A gambler's chance. "Listen," he yelled, "I'll get the wildest damn steers in Texas — corral 'em right here in San Antonio with my wire, and I'll betcha they can't get out even if we stampede 'em."

And that's just what happened. Johnny Gates, who had come all the way from Illinois, strung wire for a corral, brought in seventy of the wildest steers that could be found to stage his big show, and took bets right and left.

There was wild excitement. San Antonio was the capitol of the cattle country and this wire idea was important. And since shows of any kind were few and far between, cattlemen and cowboys came in from ranches near and far. Gates was as good a showman as he was a gambler. He strode into the center of the corral and raised his hands, "Gents," he called, "this is the best fencing in the world. It is light as air, stronger than whiskey, cheaper than dirt! No man can say Johnny Gates don't make a fair test. Seventy wild steers, just loco to get away. All right, boys, turn 'em loose."

The wild steers were rushed into the corral and prodded toward the fencing. Then Mexican vaqueros waving flaming torches charged. In a frenzy the cattle stampeded forward and thudded against the wire. A few fell with bellows of pain, then the herd turned, wild-eyed and bewildered, and began milling. The crowd sent up a mighty cheer, Gates had won. A few hides had been ripped but the fence had held tight and firm.

It was the start of an incredible career that transformed Johnny Gates, the $30-a-month barbed-wire salesman, into John W. "Bet-a-Million" Gates, one of the most audacious financial tycoons in all history.

He went back to Illinois with his carpetbag stuffed with greenbacks and orders for wire. When he couldn't get enough wire to fill his orders from the factory he was working for, he set up a factory of his own. He set up offices in Chicago to control his barbed-wire empire, and soon became a tiger in the wheat pits. From there he battled his way into the Wall Street canyons, to become a big league millionaire. In an age of fantastic risk-taking and industrial expansion, Gates became the most daring builder, the biggest gambler, the sharpest promoter of them all. Soon he was challenging the kings of the steel industry, organizing steel plants into cartels. He battled the barons of mining and railroading, the oil and financial rulers, in his fantastic slashing career. He upset markets, precipitated panics, ruined powerful foes, and alone fought vast money combines which had dared to oppose the United States Government. Gates made millionaires of loyal friends, put together enourmous trusts, smashed monopolies and built his own.

And even when intricate business deals were brewing in Wall Street, where he was battling for millions with Morgan and the steel kings, Gates found time for gambling in the sporting casinos. It was his life. His wild wagers at the poker tables, race tracks, and faro layouts stimulated the many stories that helped add that "Bet-a-Million" to his name, a nickname he deplored.

The newspapers and Broadway smarts told and retold stories of Gates, the Gambler. At Dick Canfield's casino a special limit was set for Gates at faro. It was the highest in the world, $5,000 on single or "case" cards and $10,000 on doubles, almost double the limit at Monte Carlo. He often won or lost a fortune in a night session.

Once, staging a party at the Waldorf, the party list including Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell, Reggie Vanderbilt, and other notables, someone mentioned that the horses were running at Saratoga and asked Gates if he knew a bookie who would take bets. Wishing to accommodate his guests, Gates said "Yes" and pocketed the bets himself, only to discover a few hours later, that most of the wagers were on his own horses and he had lost $60,000 betting against himself!

A few days later he made it all back to Saratoga, when his horse Savable won the Futurity. Gates had plastered the betting ring with huge amounts and won a total of $650,000! The heavy wagering on this race brought Gates up for a clash with the Jockey Club, whose directors were headed by August Belmont. Summoning Gates before him, Belmont puffed, "Mr. Gates, we wish you would curtail your betting. Your activities could well result in restrictive legislation. Why not limit your bets to $10,000."

Gates took a drag on his cigar, "Mr. Belmont, that's not my way of betting," he explained, "I think no man should bet unless he thinks he's right, but when he thinks he's right he should be willing to bet every dollar he owns."

In 1900, Gates took a vacation and visited England. It cost the British bookies a lot of money. On the recommendation of a dour trainer named Enoch Wishard, Gates bought a horse named Royal Flush, an old steed that had set a fair record as a two-year-old but had developed in the ensuing years into a sulking, man-hating also-ran and was put up for sale for only $2,000.

Wishard set about converting Royal Flush into a winner, and Gates entered the horse in the Steward's Cup, one of England's most fashionable races. It was a case of an old rejuvenated horse that had never been much good running against some of the best in all England.

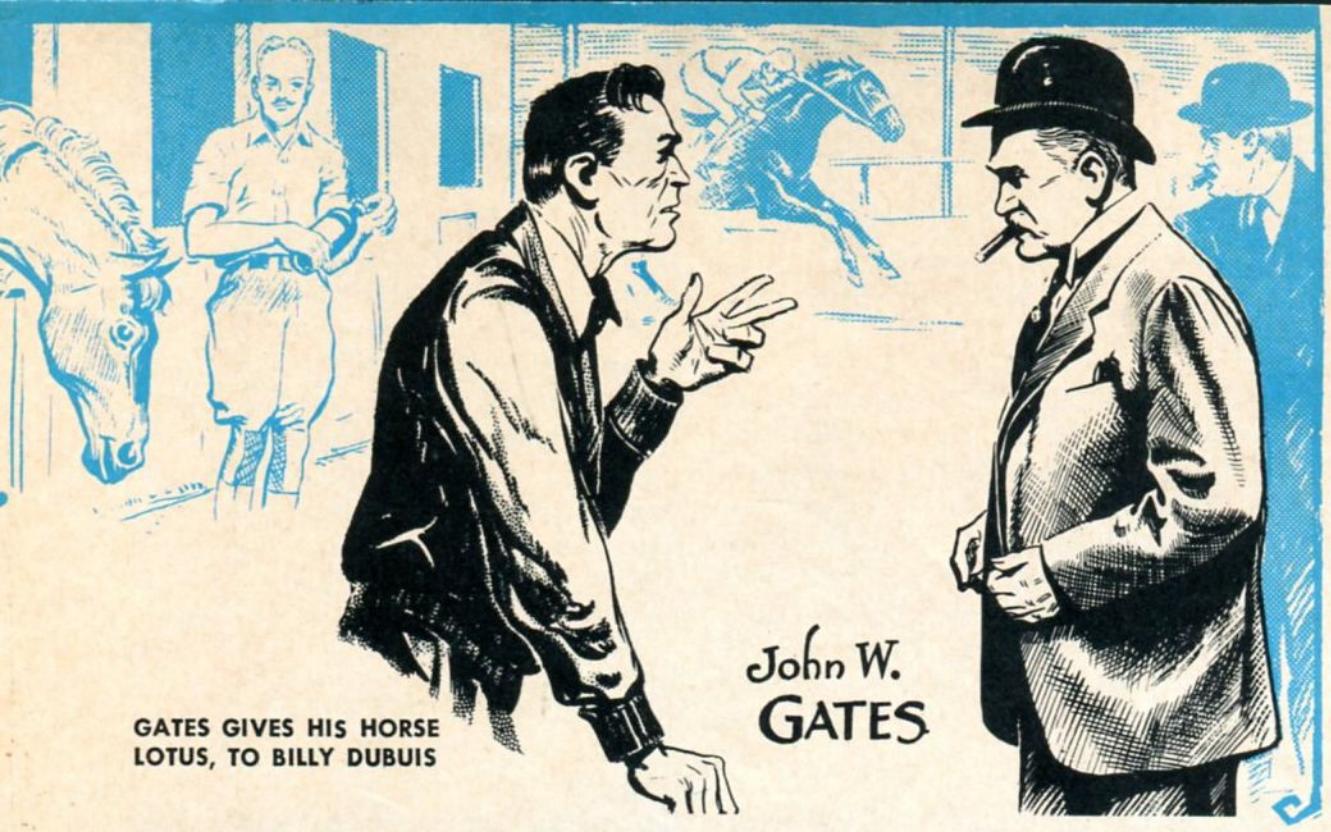
Before the race the odds against Royal Flush were 40 to 1, and Gates flooded the bookies with wagers. Soon the news spread through the stands that "Bet-a-Million" Gates was backing Royal Flush and the odds dropped to 10 to 1, but Gates had staged his coup. Royal Flush won the race going away, and Gates spent a happy night counting his winnings, more than $600,000!

The stories about Gate's amazing penchant for gambling go on and on. . . .

Once, riding on a train going to Chicago, it was raining and having no playing cards to help pass the time, he proposed to his companion, Colonel Ellwood, that they bet on the speed of raindrops running down the window. When the train pulled into Chicago, Gates had won $86,000!

Once, while waiting for a train at a railroad station on the busy New York Central he became amused at the way the trains flashed past, one from the east, one from the west. He turned to a perfect stranger and said, "I'll betcha a thousand the next one comes from the west." When the stranger hesitated, openmouthed, Gates said, "OK, you take the west and I'll take the east.

He would flip coins for $10,000 a throw, and once settled by tossing a coin, a controversy with Charlie Schwab about a bill of $80,000 that his American Steel Company owed Schwab. "Tell you what I'll do," said Gates, "I'll flip you double or nothing." The coin was tossed and Gates won.



GATES GIVES HIS HORSE LOTUS, TO BILLY DUBUIS

Another Story . . .

"BET-A-MILLION GATES BETS AGAINST HIS OWN HORSE"

read the headlines of a New York newspaper one morning in 1902:

A few weeks ago John W. "Bet-a-Million" Gates held a sale of his racing stable. No one would buy a horse name Lotus, so Gates gave her to trainer Billy Dubois, stipulating that Dubois let him know if she ever looked like a winner. Yesterday, Dubois entered Lotus in the big race at Gravesend, and, true to his bargain, he advised Gates to bet on her.

"No," said Gates, "she hasn't a chance. How much are you gonna bet on her, Billy?"

"$15,000," said Dubois.

"O.K., I'll lay you $50,000 to $15,000 that she don't win," said Gates. Lotus won by a nose and Gates offered to toss Dubois $100,000 or nothing. Dubois refused and took the $50,000."

In 1906, Gates put up his last and greatest battle with the Wall Street tycoons. Always fighting his avowed enemy, J. P. Morgan and United States Steel, Gates organized the southern steel mills into a cartel and introduced the open-hearth method of turning out steel superior to that produced by Morgan's combine. And--just as he had them beaten, he decided to take a European vacation. While Gates was abroad, one of his associates sold out to the opposition. It caused a gigantic financial crisis on Wall Street that involved even the President of the United States.

Gates lost the battle and because of ill health, retired to Port Arthur, Texas, where he built a beautiful hotel, a fine hospital, and a magnificent library. He founded a home for homeless boys, founded a wonderful business college and he built up the docks of Port Arthur until it ranked as the twelfth greatest port in the world. He also became a power in the great Texas Company Oil concern.

Gates died in 1909 at the Hotel Meurice in Paris while on a trip. Many banks closed for the day, crepe on the doors. The Texas Company Oil tankers forging their way to ports all over the world flew flags at half mast.

The body was brought back to America and lay in state in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. A twenty-five piece orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera played softly. Three hotel floors were reserved for mourners from Port Arthur, Chicago, Birmingham and San Antonio.

The country waited to hear the news of Gate's fortune. Had Morgan really ruined him in their great battle? The answer came when the will was filed in Chicago. He left about fifty million to his wife and son and much property. Many charities also benefited.

As the years have gone by, the legend of John W. Gates as a BET-A-MILLION gambler has flourished until it has obscured all his other great triumphs.

His part in causing the upheaval in the Texas cattle industry with his infernal barbed wire, his deeds as a young Chicago steel magnate, his triumphs in the wheat pits, his raids in Wall Street which brought distress to the big barons, his role as a trust builder, and his gigantic clash with Morgan in which he almost vanquished the most powerful figure the financial world had ever known — all these dimmed in the shadow of a fellow on the toss of a coin, the turn of a card, or the speed of a horse.

But the serious brains of the financial world will remember him as one of the boldest men of his time. In a game where men battled for fast growing America, Gates played rough and fierce, with unique courage and daring. In his day he made the blood of men boil and wish that they too had the nerve to be like "BET-A-MILLION" GATES.

"DOUBLE OR NOTHING"

MILLIONAIRESS *of the Month*

The outstanding sight at the Le Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus held at Andre's in Beverly Hills, was TIFFINEE. She is a tall and beautiful model as well as an actress. She has been signed to do one of the starring roles in the Millionaire Horizons, produced by Eric Bass in Italy. Tiffinee will soon be departing for Italy where she will make a two month publicity tour before starting on location. This is not her first experience at acting. She started acting as a child and has had parts in small productions and little theatres. We now await her appearence in the forth coming Eric Bass Production. Millionaire salutes TIFFINEE as the Millionairess of the Month.....

LAST CALL

By DALTON R. SMITH

Ed Hecox, mustached, sandy haired stagecoach driver for Abe Bradley and William Buckley - owners of the Overland and Pacific Coast Stage Lines, pulled into the Lompoc Station to pick up his passengers for Gaviota.

"Uh-h -- Ed," Bradley fumbled, 'hate to ask it, but would you sub for us? All at once, accidents and sickness 've caught us short for drivers; would-ja take the run on into Santa Barbara? Buckley is there, so be sure to contact him."

"Been wantin' t'get t'Santa Barbara for a longtime, Brad .... all aboard, folks, for Gavoita and Santa Barbara, the Fiesta City of the West!"

Hecox, the never-ruffled, gracious, diplomatic Driver, coaxed his passengers into the claustral cab of his Concord Coach, and away the lurching rig sped over the dusty rutted turnpike.

The teams were changed at Gaviota and at Naples. The run was made without incident to Santa Barbara. Buckley, ruddy and always full of laughter, was in the driveway to greet Ed's arrival.

"Almost beat yerself gettin' here, Hecox. Infact, you almost met yerself goin' back. Have great news for ya, too. Got a charter load and no driver. Knew you'd be dyin' t'take 'er back to Gaviota for me. I'll see ya get a day off -- that is -- soon's we can get drivers. Think ya can stay awake, Hecox?"

"Never sleep, Buck. Who's it this time?"

"Officials of Southern Pacific Railroad; from San Francisco and in one helluva rush."

"Always are."

"Yeah, I known. This time, seems an error was made in the survey and the tracks 've gotta be rerouted. Every minute counts -- to them -- that is. Telegraph message stopped the works; now the whole crew's waitin' for new blue prints. A rig will meetcha at Gaviota to take yer passengers to the Southern Pacific camp, about five miles north at the present end of the tracks."

"Shouldn't be so kind to 'em, Buck; 'twon't be long 'till the iron horse'll take over. Better speak for a job with 'em."

"Be years before they get goin' along this coast."

Ed Eecox, Driver Lompoc-Los Alamos

'Let's see .... this 's summer 1900. Three to one, Buck, they'll take over before winter 1902."

"Hecox ..... I've a notion t'turn 'em down."

"I *could* dump 'em over the cliff."

Their laughter was cut short as Buckley exclaimed, "My gosh! Come t'think of it, we ain't got a coach up to it. This one has t'go back on the regular run. That old Flint coach wouldn't last five miles, 'specially over the stretch around El Captain."

"Where *is* all your rolling stock, Buck?"

"Three Concords 're in repair shop. Two new ones shoulda been here by now."

"How about the old Celerity? She's good for a few runs yet ... or was... last time I saw her."

"Hm-m .... but you'll have t'watch 'er. I've always been leery o' those undersize brake blocks. She's fer speed, high toned ladies 'n' good roads.,, Buckley looked doubtful.

"S'long's she hangs on four wheels, we'll make it." Ed stretched his waistless, hipless five-eleven, flexed his muscular arms from broad shoulders. 'While you're gettin' the team hitched up, I'll wrap m'self around a side o' beef and a demijohn o' coffee. Better hitch up six; they'll lighten th'load an make it faster'n four."

Ed and his perky Celerty with six tough and fast Arizonas swung into the Arlington Hotel archway. Bell boys stepped lively, tossed luggage to the coach-top and packed the rear boot.

The seven passengers -- three vice presidents, three engineers and an S. P. photographer were eager and impatient.

Ed counted heads and frowned, "Eight of us; unlucky number. Anybody else coming? Not even a cat? Have t'count one o' the mustangs, I guess."

"Let's get going, driver," one of the men snapped. "Every minute is costing money."

Ed swung up to fill his hands with reins. "Let 'em loose, Pete!" he called to the hostler who was holding the leaders. "See ya by return postage!"

"Good luck, Hecox!" Pete shouted.

Hecox whooped the gay little mustangs through Goleta as if scared of an epidemic. He smiled his satisfaction.

FOR HECOX

PHOTOS CURTESY OF FRED MATTEL

The trim old Celerity's creaks were musical notes to a man of his experience.

Galloping into Naples Coach depot, followed by an affectionate cloud of clinging dust, stifling in the breezeless hour around 1:00 P.M., Hecox shouted, "All out, folks! Ladies to the left -- gents to the right! Leaving in fifteen minutes!"

"Can't we cut the comedy and be on our way?" another of the passengers growled.

"Better relax, gentlemen. Have to change teams after sixteen miles on the dead run," replied Hecox.

With fresh horses and again loaded, Hecox flashed his good nature to the end passengers, "The next sixteen miles to Gaviota will be fast, but the road is rough. So if it's more'n you c'n take, just knock on the panel."

"Do you think you have a load of women? Get us to Gaviota, Driver. And if you insist on being flippant, I'll have your job."

"Dear Sir," Ed replied, "you have it right now," and calling back the wrangler, "Hold the team, Jack. Mr. Frisco has my job."

"Oh, no-no-no" came a chorus from the other passengers. "Driver, don't mind Fitzgerald," said one as spokesman, "He's upset and doesn't mean a thing. Please, Driver; we'll see he doesn't bother you again."

"All right," said Hecox, springing to the ground. "But with conditions: There'll be no backtalk from passengers; I am the driver; there'll be no recourse or complaints as aftermath, to your company nor to mine. Is that clear?"

"Feel absolutely free, Driver," the spokesman saluted, and everyone settled back.

About an hour and a half jolted and bounced by. Through the peep hole, the facing passengers saw Ed hold up two fingers. He lipped, "Two more miles."

One impatiently swung his forearm, indicating, "Go faster - faster!" then thought better of it, and relaxing his arm, grinned and nodded his apology.

Approaching the Gaviota Grade -- a narrow, steep pass, sharply curved and deeply chuckholed -- Ed put pressure on the brake bar. The summit crest loomed into view. Increasing the brake drag to prevent over-running the horses, something gave way. The rod fell limp. The coach ran free.

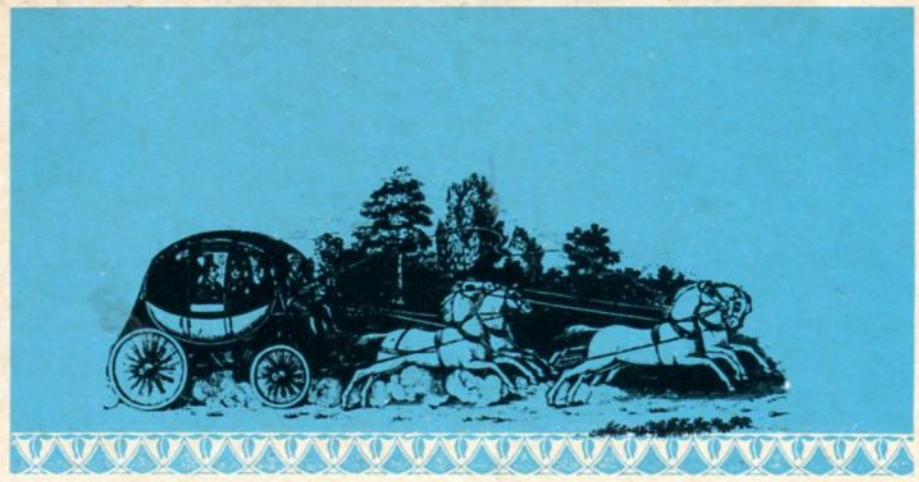
"It's up t'you, Mustangs! You'll have to out-run it or get run over! So git to it, Boys! Keep them tugs tight!"

From around the curves, it was not possible for Hecox to know about the two big horses heavily plodding up the one-way climb, with the man, woman and boy in the capacity-loaded spring wagon -- the wirey red headed man, unhurried, clucking patiently to the gray mares ... nor the cowboy racing his horse across the field toward them, frantically, "Pull over quick! Git off the road! Runaway stage coming!" ... nor the wagon driver laying on the whip; the responsive grays humping to do their best up the steep hill. As the leaping Celerity skidded around the kink in the road, Ed caught his first glimpse of the spring wagon as it reached a turn-out for passing. Just as the tail gate cleared the road, Hecox's racing team and bounding coach lashed around the sharp curve, throwing a cloud of gravel, dirt and dust over the spring wagon and its occupants.

Hecox held the team close to the bank to drag the coach for all the resistance he could get. The shale bank worked more than wonders, 'till an extended tree root hooked the coach, tearing out the corner of the cab. Yells and various forms of epithets echoed from the interior. Screeches of a dragging coach on gravel rent the arroyo. The Celerity came to rest on its side. Men rushed up from the depot. A man or two grabbed the bridles to hold the horses. An arm protruded through the upside door, reaching for a hand hold.

"Hang on to the horses!" Hecox warned, still grasping the reins. "You two get up on the bank and get the door

1890 leaving Mattie's Tavern
Santa Barbara to Los Alamos Ed Hecox driver.



open to them inside. Hi, Clyde, mebbe you c'n help me get from under this heap. I think m'leg is gebroked."

The spring-wagon driver rushed straight to Hecox. "Ed! Are you in one piece?"

"Jim! Jim Smith! How'd *you* get here?"

Jim and Clyde lifted him free before Jim answered, "Oh, we're headin' for Santa Barbara, Ed. You sure gave Fleda, Bobby 'n' me a close shave up yonder. But how bad're you hurt?"

"Not sure, Jim. Somethin' queer between m'knee 'n' ankle."

Smith gently palpated Ed's leg and nodded. Broke sure enough, Ed. Gotta getcha to the Doc's pronto."

"Just make me one o' your super special splints with a single tree off the coach. John Day's due here soon. He'll be goin' into Lompoc with his coach 'n' he c'n get me to Doc Graham's office. But how 'bout my passengers?"

"Things coulda been worse," said another rescuer, coming over. "We pried an' lifted the door like a hatch an' boosted each passenger out. Two of them carried on improvised stretchers into the depot; they're gettin' first aid."

"You did a clever job of driving there, Ed," said Smith. "Your skill meant the lives of your passengers ... an' the team, too."

"Thunderations, Jim, that team knows more what to do than I do."

"Clyde an' Luther'll getcha to a table in the building while I get the splint."

In a few minutes, Smith returned with the singletree and rope, saying, "I stopped off to pick up the latest news, Ed."

"How're the passengers, Jim?"

"Just shook up 'n' bruised a bit. They're comin' in t'see ya before they go. They've let their hair down 'n' think you're great."

"And the horses?"

"Just some scratches. Now hold still n' quit frettin' yerself. There; you're trussed up like a pig in a buggy."

About a year later, Jim Smith met Bradley in Bradley & Buckley Livery Stable in Santa Barbara. Suddenly, Bradely, interrupting their conversation, exclaimed, "Say, by the way, Jim, I lost track of Ed Hecox, who used to drive stage for us. I knew infection from the injuries received in that coach accident slowed his healing period and by the time he was ready to drive again, we had surrendered our lines to the railroads and the horseless carriages. But Buck and I haven't heard what became of him."

"Oh, in short order, Ed hired on as fireman for the Lompoc spur from Surf. He soon became engineer and in a few months was transferred to the line out of San Luis Obispo."

Panoramic View Of Packed Penthouse Taken During Millionaire Gourmet Dinner.

Display Of Goldneck Pheasant

BY AL GANS

Millionaire

presents

La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

The Adventures of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus Penthouse.

Members of the world's most unique gourmet society followed their leader, Albert K. Gans, into the celestial heavens of Bacchus and Epicurus. The gastrologic experiences they encountered whetted their taste buds as they anticipated the next epicurean event. People from all walks of life came to test the societie's credo, that great dining treats, produced by equally distinguished chefs, and compimented by the famous Gold Medal award wining wines of WEIBEL, can be enjoyed at the nominal cost of $7.50 plus tax and tip or a total of $9.00. The curious came with mixed emotions of doubt, suspicion and apprehension, and stayed to join the enthusiastic group of ardent members who make up La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus. To understand this organization better, let us "peek" into the activities of this famous gourmet comradeship, and join with its members as they gather to "test" the masterpieces of four celebrated chefs, and the dining rooms that offer stimulus to their work.

The exciting experience of gourmet eloquence epicureans seek, and the impeccable service they have come to expect, was found in the popular and resplendent PENTHOUSE of the INTERNATIONAL HOTEL. This luxuriously carpeted dining room lent itself to the quiet dignity that matched the splendorous Crillion of Paris, the superb Mason Prunier of London, the fashionable Hostaria dell 'Orso of Rome, and the intoxicating Belle Terrasse of Copenhagen. The members were surrounded by thousands of square feet of window pane, a romantic gateway to the glamour of a bejeweled city sparkling and glittering before their very eyes. The exciting scene of busy International Airport, with planes leaving faster than the speed of sound, to far away places with romantic names, thrilled the 185 members of the society as they prepared for a once in a life time evening, that culminated with the gourmet masterpiece of Chef Frederique Borman.

This is the menu as prepared and served to the members of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus on that memorable night of January 18th.

LANGOUSTINOS EN COQUILLE VIGNERONNE
CREME DE ARTICHOKES LADY CURZON
SUPREME OF GOLDNECK PHEASANT
GREEN GRAPES
ALSACE LORAINE
DAUPHIN POTATOE
TOMATOE NICOISE
HEARTS OF CALIFORNIA ROMAINE
ORANGE NORVEGIEN' E
FRIANDISES
CAFE' ORIENTAI

The wines were from the world famous WEIBEL VINEYARDS of Mission San Jose. They were SOLERA COCKTAIL FLOR SHERRY: DRY SEMILLON: PINOT CHARDONNAY: EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE, and TANGOR. The marriage between these wines, and the classical dinner, made a perfect union.

The producer of this triumph is FREDERIQUE BORMAN, one of the great chefs of this age. No one but the legendary Escoffier has ever reeived more honors than he. During World War II, General Eisenhower appointed him as the head of his personal culinary staff. On that magical night of January 18th, he received a standing ovation from the members of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus,

The planning for this noble dinner was under the direction of the astute Bill Goldring. Already an imaginery figure in the creative planning of classical gourmet affairs, he is constantly being sought out for his advise and guidance. No stone was left unturned to make each epicurean adventurer KING and QUEEN. ●

Margo Hurst and Ed Kelly admiring Ice Sculptures which added glamour to Gourmet Dinner.

La Societe at

Andre's WILSHIRE TERRACE

The search for our April restaurant of the month was resolved with smashing success. ANDRE'S WILSHIRE TERRACE met the rigid requirements set by our society with its beauty, location; and service. Albert Califano, the famed bon vivant and maitre d', presented chef Georges Paire Ficout luxurious and classical a'l'italienne, manifested in Roman, Venetian, and Florentine cuisine.

Each gastronomical adventure has brought with it new and exciting triumphs. This is made possible because La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus diligently seeks out dining room capable of creating dishes of gourmet quality, with service that must be faultless and impeccable. It is in these areas we put the chef and the maitre d' to the test of delineating their capabilities to their fullest resourses. The result of this planning has brought together a group of extraordinary grand people that make up the membership of the world's most unique gourmet fraternity — La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus. The efforts of Albert Califano, Chef Georges Faire Ficout, and Andre's Wilshire Terrace has over whelmingly proven our point. This is the menu offered to our membership by Andre's Wilshire Terrace:

BOCCONCINI CALDI
RISTRETTO DI CODO DI MANZO
CON SPOGLIATINE AL
PARMIGIANO
GONDOLE DI FILETTI DI
SOGLIOLA E GAMBERETTI
ALLA VENEZIANA
CUORI DI FILETTO DI MANZO
AL FEGATO GRASSO D'OCA
ALLA ROMANA
CROCCHETTE DI PATATINE
FAGIOLINI VERDI AL BURRO
MANDORLATE
POMIDORI GRATINATI
INSALATA DI LATTUGA
NOVELLA LAURETTA
TORTA FLORENTINA AL LAT-
TEMIELE E MARRONI CANDITI
COFFEE

The wines selected for this PRANZO DI GALA were Solera Cocktail; CHABLIS: CABERNET SAUVIGNON: CRACKLING ROSE: all from the famous WEIBEL VINEYARDS of Mission San Jose. They were chosen because they blended well with this classical Italian cuisine.

The sprinkling of notables that made up part of the 160 members that attended this Pranzo Di Gala were ROBERT VAUGHAN star of the T.V. serial The Man from U. N. C. L. E., Judge Samuel Greenfield, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Mr. & Mrs. Carl Schaefer of Warner Bros. Studio.

Our host for this gourmet pranzo was Albert Califano. Califano's name is synonymous with the faultless service gourmet expect, and the dining opulence of an epicurean masterpiece. Albert Califano is well known to the International social set. He served as the maitre d' to the Hotel de Paris of Monte Carlo, the famed and one of the world's most exclusive restaurants

Don Medica, Andre, Al Gans being served by Califano.

Le Reserve Beaulieu Sur Mer on the French Riviera, and the Crillion in Paris. He was invited to the Waldorf in New York. But all travelers discover Southern Calfiornia, Califano brought his genius to such well known southland restaurants as the Windsor, Kirkeby Center, and the Fontainbleau.

Our Chef Georges Paire Ficout was blessed by the culinary wand of the God Epicurus. Not only is he considered one of the best chefs in California, but is applauded for his creative ability. The great patriarch of all chef's Escoffier would have nodded his approval as Chef Ficout displayed his wizardy to the members of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus.

The Society and its members has proven the premise it was founded upon; that all great chefs can produce a wonderful and exciting dish, and the dining rooms of fine restaurants can offer the impeccable service demanded by gourmet groups, if the audience is both appreciative, and large. La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus has proven these two points. ●

Tiffinee, MILLIONAIRESS Model of the Month, was guest of Publisher at Andre's.

Tiffinee and Robert Vaughn, star of television series "The Man from U.N.C.L.E."

La Society Club members — Gourmet diners all enjoy superb food at Trader Vic's.

La Society: Chef Ping Lee and Oswaldo Lorenz, general manager of Trader Vic's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gallagher and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCleary taste the many Webel wines at Gourmet Dinner.

Councilman Potter of Los Angeles and Mrs. Potter with Walt Emeson (center) enjoy a chat at Society dinner.

La Societe at

Trader Vic's

AT THE BEVERLY HILTON

The velvet magic of a Polynesian night, with its rolling surf dashing itself against the sandy shore, and blended with the soft music of a gentle breeze, was literally transplanted in mood and effect, when the adventurous members of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus met in the International Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. It was an historical event. More than three hundred persons came to share their happiness and contentment in an evening that was the manifestations of a progression of Polynesian laughter and music from the shadowy generations of long ago. Our gastronomic tourists delineated these symbolic feastings and laughter with a Trader Vic's Luau. Our lûau was matchless in its preparation, and incomparably unsurpassed in its presentation to the record number of gourmet travellers who entered the relaxing world of the Polynesian. The lulling strains of Hawaiian music and the sorcery of Ping Lee's range set the mood for the epicurean conjuration that made the evening a storied event. This is the menu prepared by Chef Ping Lee:

LA GRANDE TRADER VIC'S

Crab Rangoon — Egg Roll

Sliced Pork — Stuffed Shrimp

Trader Vic's Salad

Opihi

Kauai Island Duck

Fuji Beef

Chicken with Almonds

Shrimp Cantonese

Pork Fried Rice

Poe

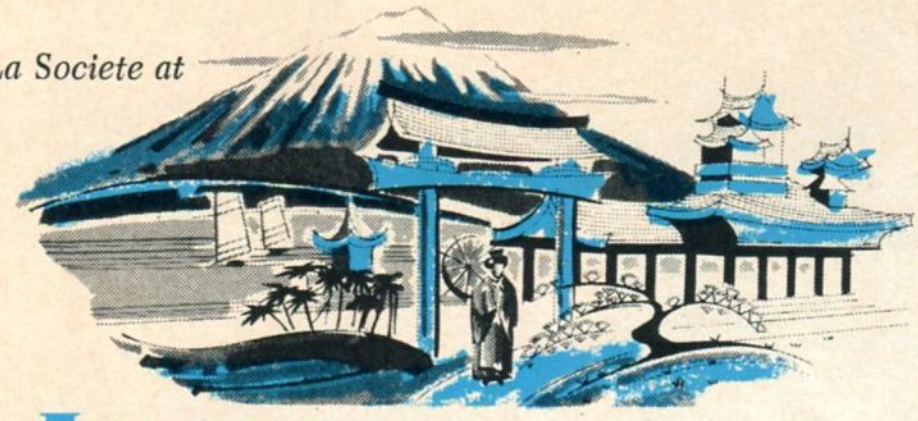
The Solera Cocktail Sherry; Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Noir, Extra Dry Champagne, and Cream of Black Muscat, were all WEIBEL WINES, and the winners of the Gold Medal Award of the California State Fair.

Our guide for the evening was the popular and genial general manager of Trader Vic's, Oswaldo Lorenz. His ancestry etched into the fabric of 1000 years of Peruvian history prepared him for the exciting world of Trader Vic's. His quite and reassuring demeanor lent itself to the gaiety and laughter of the evening. It is the custom of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus and its members to salute genius and showmanship, both Ping Lee, and Oswaldo Lorenz received a standing ovation. ●

La Society — Mr. Reginald Kent of Beverly Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Berest of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Gans of Beverly Hills, and Mrs. Reginald Kent of Beverly Hills enjoy hors d'oeuvres.

Ed Kelly and Millionairess Model Jo Marie enjoy hors d'oeuvres.

La Societe at



IMPERIAL GARDENS

Win Martindale, Charley James, Aki Hara and George Harada

"Show me the table of a nation", said the Greek philosopher in the year 310 B C, "and I will tell you of its people". Our search in the world of the gourmet, continues to open the doors of many lands. And in traversing the culinary magic of great chef's, we entered the scented gardens of Japan, through the doors of the IMPERIAL GARDENS. The warm, gay, elegant, ambient of Japan, greeted us as we filled the beautiful oriental dining room of the IMPERIAL GARDENS. The entire personnel headed by Mae Furuta, and Helen Umezawa dedicated themselves to make February 17, an unfortgetable night. These two lovely ladies, who guide the destiny of this famous restaurant explained that we were to experience the incomparable in the subtile art of Japanese cuisine. This we discovered had made the "GARDENS" an international shrine for those who seek out the superb magnificence of Japanese dining. Those high in government, stars of the stage and scréen, men of business, and now our own members of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus, have come to know the high and exciting standards, Mae Furuta, and Helen Umezawa, have placed upon the cuisine at the IMPERIAL GARDENS.

Wé were introduced to KATSUMI NAGATE, whose accomplishments in the intricate art of the oriental range, has brought him great stature. He is the proud holder of Japan's most coveted award; a presentation from the Emperor himself. This is the clássical Japanese gourmet menu, as prepared by KATSUMI NAGATE, and served to members of La Sociète de Bacchus et Epicurus:

JAPANESE
HORS D' OEUVERS

SUIMONO · SUNOMONO

TEMPURA
HOT LOBSTER SALAD
IN THE SHELL
TERIYAKI
STEAMED RICE

— DESSERT —

IMPERIAL
FLAMING
CHERRY
FUJIYAMA

As prepared with BASKIN-ROBBINS
AMBROSIAL MACADAMIA NUTS
and Japanese SUNTORY'S
Cherry Blossom Liqueur.

Mae Furta, Ed Kelly and Margo Hurst

The wines were from the WEIBEL VINEYARDS of Mission San Jose, and the winners of GOLD MEDALS from the California State Fair. SOLERA COCKTAIL FLOR SHERRY: CHABLIS, SPARKLING BURGUNDY,AND TANGOR.

KATSUMI NAGATE'S presentation for the evening stirred our gastronomic emotions as we delightfully explored each succulent course. As it is the custom of the society, a standing ovation from the more than 165 guests was offered to this great chef.

The members were intrigued by the polite and efficient ways of the Kimono Girls. It was explained that these girls were schooled in the art of servicing in the traditional Japanese manner. The school in Japan, and the only one like it in the world, accepts the girls only after an exhaustive research of their background.

February 17th, was another memorable experience in the calendar of La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus, and its epicurean adventures. ●

Japanese Style, sitting on the floor, added excitement to La Societe guests at Imperial Gardens

MILLIONAIRE'S

PARISIEN REVIEW

FEATURING MARIA KORDA DANCERS

PARISIEN REVIEW

1

THE MILLIONAIRE MAGAZINE salutes a young, vivacious and quite active young lady, for a cinderella story and her very own Las Vegas bound Revue. This young lady is none other than blonderful Maria Korda, an ex chorine and University student, now an internationally known actress, singer, dancer and at the present, one of the youngest producers in the night-club circuit.

Recently having produced a show at the Rosarito Beach Hotel in Mexico, and at the present quite busily preparing to open with the same in Las Vegas. She has had her own shows through-out the United States, at the Dunes in Honolulu and the Latin Quarter in Sydney, Australia. The beautiful blonde producer was born in Poland, where a lot of famous and ambitious women hail from, among which were: Miss Helen Rubenstein, Helen Modjewska, Madame Curie and a few others in the theatrical field. Miss Korda's European background accounts for the fact that she speaks four languages fluently -- Polish, German, Russian and English.

She broke into show-business in America as a dancer, after handling a wide assortment of jobs, such as: high fashion model, assistant designer, tax consultant, writer and interpreter. She later formed her own dancing line - 'The Maria Korda Dancers', with which she has covered quite a few miles. She also has been known to be associated with a few of the best, young up-coming choreogra-

(Cont. on Page 44)

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1—Here's solid picture proof of the looks that equal the brain of this young producer, Maria Korda.

2—Here's the femme fatale, the producer herself, not bad for one who is always thought of as the fat man with a cigar, is it?

3—Here's our talented singer Audrey Anderson inviting you to take a trip around the world with our show.

4—Audrey Anderson in one of her triumphant stage entrances, that will electrify you.

5—The beauty of Audrey Anderson will tease you yet her talent will very much so entertain you.

6—Now folks, don't you agree that our mod-of Laurie is CE MAGNIFIQUE?

7—"Rob Barron, our talented, young, and versatile performer in one of his leaps for joy."

3

4

Millionaire

5

6

7

phers on the West coast, and has used their services at various occasions. Among them were Carlton Johnson, Bobbie Banas, who at the present time is appearing in M.G.M.'s 'Paris By Night'; also Rene Dehaven, who choreographed her present show and is doing another one at the present time in Las Vegas.

Currently her review consists of eleven of the most beautiful girls in the United States, of which one is Audrey Anderson, her lead singer. Miss Korda speaks very highly of Audrey, as not only being a beauty, but also a very well trained, sensible and vivacious performer. "It's a pleasure to work with people like Audrey, because she not only enjoys her work, but also takes it quite seriously, as she knows that in order to reach the top, one never stops learning and therefore must continue to work towards perfection".

Besides Audrey, we also have a very talented, young, and versatile performer Rob Barran in the show. Rob feels quite flattered by having been chosen to be the only male among all those beauties. Rob's refreshing versatility, his full-bodied voice, and his easy, compelling stvle add success to the Maria Korda Review. His credits in the Night Club field, Motion Pictures and T.V. are too numerous to be mentioned. He did the lead in the musical 'Tio Samba' in Brazil, which was sponsored by the State Department. At that time Rob received a letter from the late President John F. Kennedy, in which he said: 'The Interests of the United States in Brazil owe a dept to you, because of your great talent, idealism and patriotism have strengthened not only artistic but other bonds between the United States and Brazil'.

Be-set in the luxurious background of expensive and elaborate costumes filled with beautiful young ladies, consisting of dancers and show-girls; the show consisting of three lengthy and quite original production numbers is quite a package. To top it you have the talents of Miss Audrey Anderson and Rob Barran, plus a very strong back-bone in the producer herself. This exciting Revue has the promise of being a Winner, as Miss Korda agrees with our slogan: "You don't have to be a millionaire-just think like one" M

DIANNE BORNE GETS HER COSTUME ADJUSTED BY OUR HEIRESS, BELOW, YEVETTE LA RONDE

INTRODUCING

Yevette LaRonde

HEIRESSS OF THE MONTH

THE HEIRESS OF THE MONTH

While shooting Maria Korda's revue we've discovered a bundle of sheer joy, a French import, which we wish to introduce to you as our Heiress of the month, the very vivacious Mademoiselle Yevette LaRonde, and she's quite well round at that, and in all the right places too.

Yevette, who was born on the left banks of Paris, is a black haired beauty with hazel eyes and a glass figure which tips the scale at an even 116 lbs. Also her very well proportioned anatomy equals to the measurements of 37 - 24 - 36. She stands 5'6" in her barefeet. She is quite an addition to our line of beauties.

While having a very pleasant conversation with this bundle of femeninity we discovered that her hobbies run the gamut of excitement with horse back riding, skiing, swimming, cooking and sewing and she just loves the American Hamburgers with "ever-eeteeng" on it.

Yevette has only been in the States for eleven months, but has enjoyed every minute down here and hopes to stay and also become an American Citizen. May I as your reporter tell you, that it will be a pleasure to welcome her into our family of United Nations. I asked her how she happened to wind up in the line as a dancer. She smiled and said: "I was picked up". No wonder she was picked up, but by who and how?? Must I add, I myself wouldn't mind picking up a beauty like her!

One day on her way home from her dancing class she was stopped by a young dancer, who asked her if she would like to go on tour with a French Revue. This dancer was Rob Barran of the Maria Korda Revue, who always had an excellent eye for beauty. So this is how our little Mademoiselle and Heiress, with having had no previous dancing experience, walked right into and became one of the lead dancers in the French Revue, in good old U.S.A.

What about the future, we asked? She smiled with a sigh and said, "it's too far away, and let's enjoy today first. She still keeps on pinching herself for being so lucky and having had a chance to come to this country, and for all the good things that have happened to her since. She says in her broken, but fairly understandable English "American people are wonderful people". When asked what she thought of the American male, she blushed lightly and with a gleam and sparkle in her eyes, she quickly poured out "Montmarte! zee ahr too moche!! Thank you Yevette for giving us American Males a boost to our ego.

Our little Miss showed a special interest in our baseball teams and claimed to be an ardent fan of the Dodgers. So Boys, you better watch it down at the locker room, as here she comes, Mademoiselle Yevette LaRonde of Paris.

"I beg your pardon" she interrupted" I am now of Los Angelees (??)" and may we add you are also our Heiress.

Yevette LaRonde

MILLIONAIRE HEIRESS OF THE MONTH

Liz displaying some of her many paintings—
Painting above of Queen Maree Antoinette

CAVEMEN PAINTED, SO CAN YOU!

By Liz Renay

In the primitive days of the cave man, art was such a simple thing. It was a pure honest means of communication. A cave man had an idea burning within him. He was anxious to express to others, so he painted a bold unwavering message in pictures on the wall of his cave. He painted picture stories long before the art of writing came into effect. He used any colors available, stains from plants and roots, berries and clays. The important thing to him was to get his message across as clearly and forcefully as possible and he knew no inhibitions in doing so. If he saw a herd of buffalo thundering by and wanted to convey the message to his neighbors, he used anything he could get his hands on to paint bold sure strokes portraying the force and movement of the herd in all its strength and intensity.

Many such paintings still exist on the walls of long forgotten caves and recently have been uncovered and brought to light in all their striking beauty by geologists and archiologists. Strangely enough these paintings are considered to be excellent by todays standards of art.

Isn't that rather unusual considering they were painted long before a rule book was invented or an art teacher was heard of?

Cave men painted the truth! They painted what their eyes beheld. They painted from the heart and soul of their whole being. They didn't need art books or schools or the boundaries imposed by rules and guide books. They painted the simplicity of free thought.

Is it possible we have come to over complicate art? We have made tremendous progress since the cave man colored the rocks with primitive stains. We have perfected magnificent oil paints in all the brilliant hues of the rainbow. We paint with sable brushes on linen canvasses, and have every modern, mechanical means imagineable available for our use. Yet the truth is, we are turning out products in our art that are very often inferior in beauty and clarity to those of the simple cave man. Why? The answer is simple. *FEAR!* We are afraid to just pick up a brush and paint whatever we feel and think without wondering if we are doing it correctly, or if this is the thing that's done, or how this picture will be received, or what the critics, will think of it, or "Oh I can't do this, it's against all the rules of art!" We have allowed art to take on an awesome, fearful responsibility, that doesn't rightfully belong to it at all. Art is only a beautiful means of communication. *Any one can paint!* There is not a normal man or woman alive today who isn't better equipped to paint a painting than the limited cave man was. You can paint one superior to his tomorrow if you throw your inhibitions and fears out the window and use the courage he had! You have superior intelligence to his. You certainly have superior supplies to work with, so why shouldn't you be able to paint a better picture? It doesn't matter if you've ever drawn a straight line before. You have the ability to do so. You also have the ability to express your own personal taste and desires in any way you see fit.

If you could just for one moment forget about other people and what they think and just select the colors that appeal to you and arrange them in a manner you like, using the shapes and forms you find appealing, you'd be surprised at the result you'd achieve. A pleasant abstract of your choice in colors and shapes. If you carried it a step further now and just sort of hitched your subconscious mind to your paint brush and began painting your thoughts—sort of "*doodling in paint*"— Again you'd be most surprised and gratified, with the wonderful things that would come forth. Then as your mind and imagination became stimulated by this—You would express yourself more specifically—You would very forcefully paint the things you felt strongly about and handle light airy thoughts in a fanciful manner.

I am not suggesting we toss all the art lessons and books out the window or get rid of our art teachers—We should gratefully accept any knowledge they have to impart, or short-

cuts they can paint out.

Most of the technique in painting, teachers or books will show you, you would have discovered for yourself through your own trial and error. Eventually books and teachers can help you cut down the process of trial and error, and, by giving you the benefit of things learned through years of trials and errors of scores of other artist.

It's wonderful to have a storehouse of such knowledge available—providing we take it for what it's worth and use it to our advantage rather than our disadvantage. We musn't be awed by it, so that we become fearful and inhibited. The knowledge gained from the experience of other artist needn't impose any boundries on you whatsoever. Use it if and whenever it coinsides with your own thinking. Discard anything that is contrary to what you think and feel. Remember no rule is infalible. Perhaps you can develop a better rule by breaking the rule and setting up one of your own to replace it. Rules were only made by people such as yourself. Rules keep changing as the world changes. Do not let rules imprison your form of free expression. Express what you think and feel in any manner you see fit. Let your art know no boundaries or outside control, but rather flow from your innermost being on to the canvass in it's purest form.

If you paint your true emotions, your painting will strike a cord with every human being alive who feels as you do. You will reach them and they will respond to your work. Even when you paint abstract secret things hidden in the recesses of your heart, others who are hiding similar secrets will respond with delight when they see your paintings, though they may not understand why.

When I hear people say I'd like to paint, but I can't because I never studied. I say nonsense! Study at best can only provide short cuts to the things you would arrive at eventually anyway.—Study, books and teachers can be and should be a tremendous help, however if interpreted as anything but a guide post or road map *they* can do far greater harm than good.

The budding artist must keep an open mind and not allow any book or teacher to impose their ideas upon him or squelch his own. He must not allow a teacher to discourage him in anyway and when some one says *"wait you can't do that!"* He has to be of the frame of mind to smile right back and say *"wanta bet I can't—just watch me!"* and go right ahead.

If you were being held prisoner in a dungeon with a small window at its door and were allowed only one visit for a few minutes at which time your most trusted friend would peer through the window to talk to you. If conveying a certain message to him clearly and understandably by painting it in pictures on the wall behind you meant a case of whether you lied or died and you only had this one chance to do it; if you couldn't write it in words or the guard would see it, do you think you would be able to suggest by pictures clearly, boldly and enfatically the necessary information to save your life.—You bet—you would!!!

So innately we have the ability to express ourself artistically. The reason you'd be able to do it under the circumstances just described is because the intense need and desire to convey the message would overcome all foolish inhibitions, overide all rules that weren't practical and leave you with a free hand to express yourself as quickly, and clearly as possible for survivals sake.

You need not be locked in a dungeon to do this. You can do it anytime—just toss all fears, inhibitions, and impractical rules out the window and start painting. If cave men did it, you certainly can. ●

Photos - Stan Feldstein

Liz Renay as she appears in "Day of the Nightmare," A Hertz-Lyon production, showing at your local movie theatre. Next issue will feature an on the spot coverage of Liz Renay's New York City Art Exhibit to be held at Gallerie Paula Insel.

MODERN CLARA BOW

(SEE STORY ON PAGE 95)

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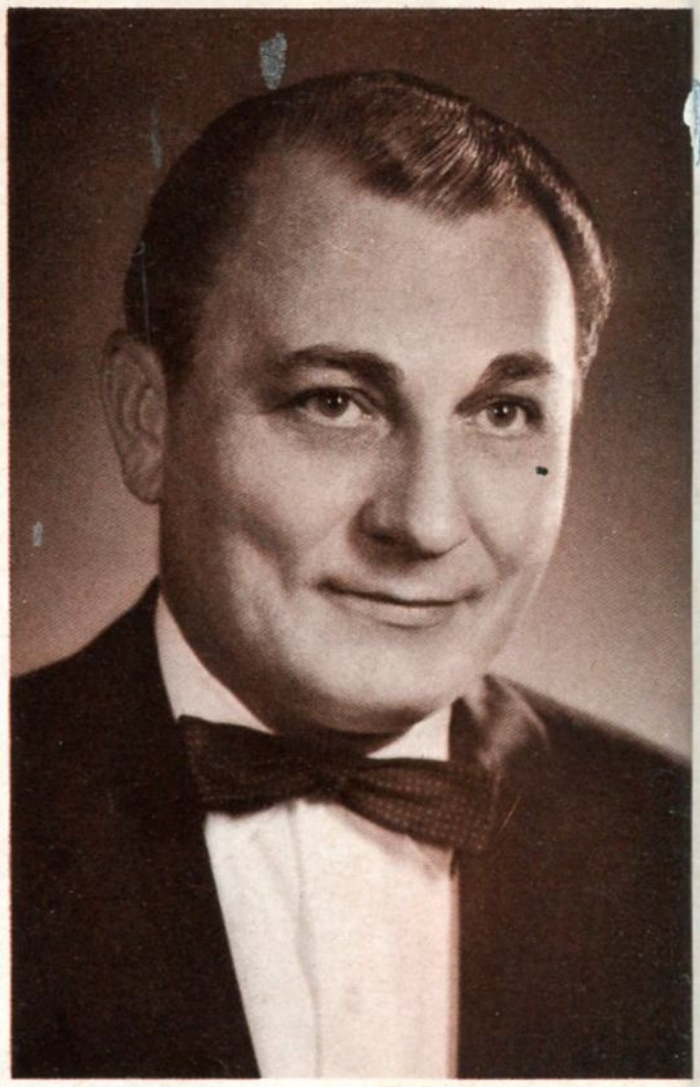
Millionaire

MAN WITH A

MILLION DOLLAR PURPOSE

By Edward H. Kelly



Harris Thayse

Harris Thayse is a Management, Sales, Promotion, and Personnel Consultant with offices in Minneapolis, Minn. He is also a writer and lecturer, as well as a sales philosopher. He is the creator of an LP record entitled, "The Ultimate Sales Technique" which was recently released and featured as Record-of-the-Month by the Business Men's Record Club.

The record we mention is noteworthy because it is designed to teach all types of sales personnel how to create sales by knowing how to think, image, and project through the giving of themselves in thought and action. The approach is earth shakingly new and inspiring, philosophically scientific, and a "first" in the history *of* personnel motivation. He is currently working on another script for an LP record entitled, "To Create Is To Live." This record will be designed to release the creative potential of all types of personnel at all levels of business and industry and in all walks of life.

Thayse's own achievements give virture to the knowledge he dispenses, for prior to launching his own consulting firm in which he specializes in Hotels, Clubs, and Food & Beverage operatons with past top assignments such as The Tennis Club of Palm Springs, The Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, The Boss Hotel Chain of Des Moines, and the Edina Country Club in Minneapolis, he served as top producing Sales Manager for a nationally operating Management Consulting firm and as Management Advisor for another.

"The amazing thing about creative thought is that once man has learned how to unlock it and work with it," says Thayse, "There are virtually no limitations as to the fields of endeavor he can use it, whereas man is pretty much limited and confined to his particular field of formal training if he has not learned how to unlock it."

"The key that unlocks the creative potential in man is DESIRE," continued Thayse, "when released into the great Universal Ocean of Creative Energy with a deep purpose worthy of the kind of dedication that will sustain the enthusiasm and joy of accomplishment necessary to reach its goal. By *deep purpose*, I mean a deep motive to create a purposeful product, service, idea, new knowledge, inspiration, beauty, or some other achievement that will in some way create a better world for human life as a whole and thereby futher the cause of unfoldment of the universal plan of that great reservoir of creative energy. Our own American history, in all fields of endeavor, is replete with the record of strongly inspired creative minds who unlock their creative potential and put it to work in the unfoldment of our great design and whose rewards were great with wealth, immortality, or both.

"It has often been thought that a deep desire for just money could unlock this potential. This evenescent drive rarely ever works -- although it can sometimes act as a starting point or springboard.

"The Universal Energy, or Mother Nature, if you prefer, guards her most precious secrets very zealously and would certainly prove to be most capricious and unwise if she flagrantly released her secrets to every one of her whimpering little creations that just wanted a lot of money -- for nature uses and reveals her secrets only for the unfoldment of parts of her great plan and she rewards most generously htose who will recognize and work with her plan toward the fulffillment of deeply purposeful achievements. The great creative minds of the past cannot be measured in terms of mere bank accounts, but rather in terms of the love and respect bestowed upon them by great numbers of their contemporaries.

"One can accumulate wealth without creative ability," continued Thayse, "or deep purpose, of course, but to accumulate wealth for the sake of wealth alone, immediately destroys any possibility of true happiness -- whereas if it is accumulated out of deep purpose the benefits cannot be adequately measured.

"There are men who have accumulated vast fortunes with dubious creative ability or purpose, but in a few instances, they found it rather urgent -- in their later years -- to regain the respect of their fellow men through such means as vast philanthropic endowments."

"What do you think can be done to teach creative thinking in business, science, and the arts?" I asked.

"Creative thought is the great horizon for the entire human race," answered Thayse. "The need for it has never been greater, and the time for it has never been more mature. The human race has unfolded to a point where it is not only ready for creative thinking but deeply desires to understand and use it in all walks of life and in the solution of the many individual, national, and international

problems. Not only has the idea of creative thinking reached maturity from the standpoint of the average person's great need, but also from the depths of new knowledge and scientific approaches by which it can be better taught and understood on a mass basis.

"In business, for instance, the idea of motivating properly men and women and thus releasing his or her creative abilities through inspirational programs, has been around for some time, but the real potential of this method has hardly been scratched because the basic principles by which creative thought can be understood, released, and successfully used have not as yet been generally comprehended.

"I believe," continued Thayse, "that any great new strides in the field of science, from here on out, will be done mostly through creative thinking rather than the present laboratory methods of trial and error until conclusions are reached or proven."

In a world forever reaching out for new horizons of knowledge and understanding itself, the creative ability to meet the challenge and purpose of tomorrow, and the courage and enthusiasm to shake off its age-old yokes of what we decry and sometimes label as mass or group "conformity" -- "status quo" acceptances -- "let the other guy do it" initiative -- "follow the crowd" attitudes -- "it can't be done" negatism -- "it won't work" defeatism -- and "let somebody else do the thinking" kind of indifference -- it is truly inspiring to tell you the story of Harris Thayse -- a young man whose creative ability, versatile achievements, dynamic expressions, courage, perseverance, and a million dollar purpose, are truly a living testimonial to man's ability to break the shackles of yesterday and to knowingly create his fate and destiny of tomorrow through man's unfathomed knowledge and understanding of himself, the world he finds himself a part of, and his own power of creative thinking.

Harris Thayse's versatile and creative background bears witness to that statement for he was formerly a Professional Dancer, Musician, and Composer. He speaks French and Spanish and was a Naval Pilot and Flight Instructor to French and Spanish cadets during his service days. His background is also very versatile in the Promotional and Public Relations fields. He once served as Director of the Miss Universe Contest for Chicago and Illinois, and the girl he promoted to the finals in Long Beach became Miss United States. He has produced radio programs and he played a promotional role in various national and International projects.

Thayse concluded by saying, "As for the field of arts, it can be as great as the creative ability of its artists. I would predict that the next ten years will bring forth the greatest new age of knowledge and understanding the world has ever known. Man will finally pierce the veil of ignorance concerning himself, his universe, his relationship to creation as a whole, and his great creative ability and purpose."

"Well, Harris," I queried, "after all the inspiring and knowledgeable things you have told me, do you mind telling me your plans or purpose concerning it all?"

"Not at all. I want to do everything I can do to help bring about the knowledge, understanding, and use of that great Universal Creative Energy in business, in particular, and in all walks of life in general."

I would say that Harris Thayse has a million dollar purpose, wouldn't you?

EDITOR'S NOTE

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Review of the motion picture

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Left to right: Angela Cartwright, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, and Charmian Carr who portray some of the members of the Von Trapp family in, "The Sound of Music." 20th Century Fox Production.

Rarely is there a motion picture so perfect in every aspect that the critic is hard pressed to find any fault.

Considering the vast technical problems encountered in a movie of such scope, it seems incredible that such perfection could be achieved.

It is obviously a movie that has everything going for it-- an absorbing love story, stars who are masters of their craft, enchanting costumes, fantastic camera angles of beautiful settings, and an unlimited budget to put them all together most effectively.

It is a blending of the creative genius of Producer-Director Robert Wise, music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, Director of Photography Ted McCord.

It seems a safe bet that both Christopher Plummer and Julie Andrews will be front runners in the Oscar race next year.

I have no reservations in saying that it is one of the few truly beautiful movies ever made. Give yourself a treat in life, go see it.

NIECIE GARDNER IN

THUMBS UP!

BY MARIA KORDA

NIECIE MAKING AN INNER-TUBE-MARKED TURN AT CANYON LAKE

WATER SKIING — THAT'S THE SPORT — OR IT'S THUMBS UP ALL THE WAY — OR . . . . A FEW TIPS FROM A REAL CHAMP — THAT IS . . . . WHEN IT COMES TO WATER SKIING!

"THUMBS UP" is the water skiing signal for more speed and to win in competition you have to go faster than anyone else.

"When Dad watches", says Niecie Gardner, our beautiful subject and also authority on water skiing - "It's thumbs up all the way". Niecie understands the signal, but is not always sure she likes it, not while she is in the race anyway. She skis because it is sheer fun and the competiton is a challenge.

Once she mentioned how the wind had whipped back an eyelid and held it open while the spray beat it, but added later "I hate to say anything about being rough, because there are girls going faster than I am". She has fallen too. It took eight stitches to close a gash left by the fin of her ski in a fall at Lake Havasu. "They say you can control your fall. You bring your arms in and your legs up and you roll, but this takes practice". She practices, but not falls, if she can help it. "I'm too chicken. I'm not going to fall just to practice falls". Very smart girl!!

Niecie, who is only 22, has already quite a past, that is career wise. She is quite an accomplished dancer and acrobat, who has performed in various Las Vegas Shows and also appeared in numerous shows all around the country, among which were the Cork Club in Houston, Harrah's in Lake Tahoe and also the Dunes in Honolulu, where she worked as a soloist for Maria Korda, making her another Korda dancer.

It is these out-of town dancing engagements that have made her ski competition a sometimes thing. Racing in the wintertime is not always comfortable but races are held regardless. "I've skied when it was white capping, when it was so rough you couldn't even see your boat" she said, "It's terrible. I'm kind of a sissy, compared to the rest of them". Boats try to get to the speed where the skier can just top the waves, but it doesn't always work. That's where being in shape really counts". Niecie says she tries to keep in shape by jumping rope every day and taking daily vitamins and protein pills.

Skiers, she claimed, are very particular about the boats they ski behind. If they do not like a boat they will not use it again. "Some of the big racers are really touchy", says Niecie.

"The team is the most important part of a ski race," she said. "You get used to a certain driver, and know the way he takes the corners." Sometimes it isn't easy. For a while she was letting go of the ropes. "I just got panicky in the turns and let go of the rope. Now they've got adhesive tape on the handles so I can't let go easy. That's what the other girls do. You see, those are the little tricks I'm learning".

Her fastest official speed was at Parker when her 67 miles per hour, won her the Arizona State drag trophy, but she did do a 83 on one run. The women's record is 85 -plus, which leaves her a target.

When asked if she was ever frightened when on skis: "Everybody's nervous, a little bit scared, but it's a thrill. I enjoy it and I always look forward to the next race".

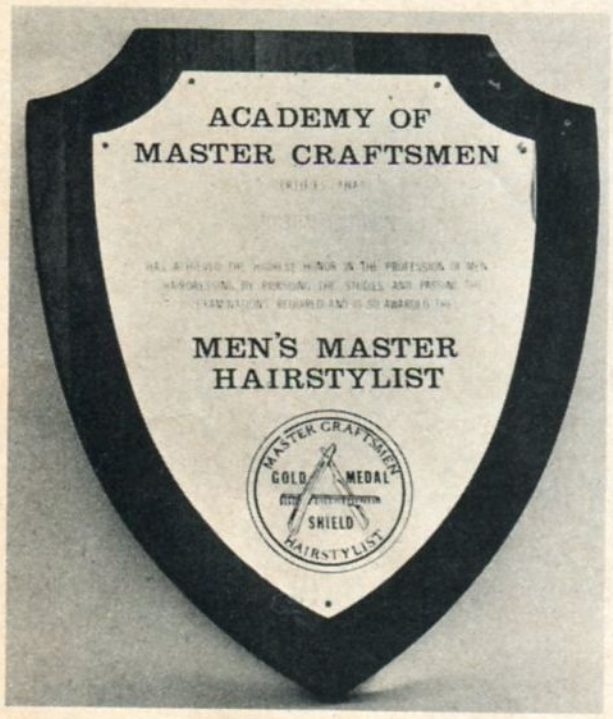
In the November issue of the 'World of Boat Racing,' Niecie Gardner has been called the second fastest woman water skier in the world. Not bad for a present American Air-Lines Stewardess, as at the present time Niecie spends half of her time flying. She is quite a gal, who not only can keep her feet on the ground, but also in the air and on water, and still be level headed. Her secret ambition: "I just want to be a housewife." So what are you waiting for boys??, M

THE SYMBOL OF

MEN'S MASTER HAIR STYLIST

FROM

THE ACADEMY OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN



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Professor Borden presenting the gold plaque to Eddie Crispell, Joe Michale, Jerry Benson, and Felice of the Dynasty; designating the highest award in men's hairstyling.

ACADEMY OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN

It is the aim of the Academy of Master Craftsmen to further the cause, by elevating and improving the prestige of men's hairdressing, and so introduced by taking the best parts from all existing curricula and adding some, to produce the crafts most advanced and comprehensive men's training program in this country today.

Candidates who desire to attain the honor of becoming a Men's Master Hair Stylist must first be in possession of a valid certificate to practice the craft of hairdressing and a graduate from a state licensed college, whose curriculum for their elementary and intermediate craftsmen students, instructs them, in handling the tools of the craft correctly, hair-cutting, hair coloring, facials, scalp manipulations and acquiring adequate knowledge of skin and scalp diseases, basic hygiene, sanitation, and laws and rules governing the craft.

Second, candidates must have two years experience in the field or graduated from an accredited advance mens hair styling course as Men Senior Hair Stylist, such as the one given at the Joval Beauty College, in Hollywood, Calif., with special instruction in their curricula on blow-waving, hair straightening, hair coloring, shear and razor cuts, high frequency, cosmetic light therapy, hair corrective treatments and salesmanship. When candidates believe they have knowledge in all phases of men hairdressing, they should then inform the Academy of Master Craftsmen their desire to take the rigid test required, and on passing will be awarded the Man's Master Hair Stylist Gold Medal Shield.

The Directors of the Academy of Master Craftsmen, Prof. Nelson Borden, of the Hollywood Barber College, Mr. Michael French, President of the International Guild of Men's Hair Stylists and Mr. Joseph Schuman of the Joval Beauty College, wish to point out that the growth and expansion of hair styling and the public demand for its services, means that it is regarded as a commodity rather than a luxury, and the demand for a higher standard of skills is greater than ever before, and will continue to grow. The future of the craft and its healthy growth should be the primary concern of all hair stylists and hairdressing organizations. And the Academy of Master Craftmen's main purpose is the need to collectively promote these skills and protect the interests and well being of the craft as a whole and of all that are engaged in it. ●

THE INTERNATIONAL PAGE

BY AL GANS

Where does a Frenchman go for exotic dishes in Paris? A patriotic and discriminating Parisian would go to a French restaurant. But if he is a patriotic, discriminating, and AFFLUENT member of the Parisian dining out set, he will search out for his gastronomic satisfaction, any number of exotic restaurants. These are not easy to find because they are kept out of the highway of tourist traps. Most of these strange and colorful bistros offer cuisine almost impossible to sample anywhere in the world. I have made a selection of two of these wonderful dining rooms. If you visit Paris, they are a MUST on your epicurian adventure map.

TONG YEN

1-bis. Rue Jean Mermoz
(Off the Champs - Elysees)
Tel. BALzac 04-23

Paul Lap, the owner of Tong Yen, was once a prominent banker in Indochina. Among his extensive holdings were two restaurants known throughout south east Asia as the very finest. During the revolt, Paul Lap escaped to France with his family. There he returned to his avocation and opened TONG YEN. The name means "Garden of the Orient," and his regular customers try to keep the location a secret. For the adventurous who would dare to try the exotic in dining, here is Paul Lap's suggestion:

Shark - Fin marinated in Armagnac Fillet of Lamb, au trois rubans or poulet mystere, & Chinese pasteries. The pride of TONG YEN is the magnificent lacquered duck. But for this you must order 36 hours in advance. This includes drinks, rice wine or tea. Price: $8.00 per person plus 15% tip.

If you feel romantic and intellectual, and very fortunate, call Le Baobab.

LE BAOBAB

7, rue de 'Universite
(Saint- Germain-des Pres.)
Tel. LITtre 08-80

Here the atmosphere of soft velvety African nights, with stars scattered over a black ceiling, and wisps of white clouds that seem to float, puts you in the mood for Le Baobab. The clientele is select and relaxed. Actors and singers come in for a late supper and to argue about the relative merits of modern art with painters.

M. Diop, the owner, and M. Malik, the head waiter, are both young Senegalese, late of the Sengal Embassy. They decided to stay in Paris and contribute to its culinary fame. If the waiters like the music being played they are likely to break into a tribal dance as they serve you. I desperately tried to keep my composure, and tourist reserve, but to no avail. Soon I found myself attempting the same foot movement – Oh you will love it!

M. Diop's Suggestion

Petits yeux noirs en salade. (You know, its the women who are pleasantly disturbed by this dish with its CANNIBAL overtones) Don't be alarmed. Its merely Senalese beans in a vinegar sauce with aromatic herbs from Nigeria. From Dahomey, Africa, you will have marinated water buffalo, or foutout Dahomeen aux langoustines et huile de palme. (A specialty from Dahomey made with crayfish, and palm oil.) For dessert, a special African Coconut cake.

Price: $6.00 per person plus tip.

MEMBER
MILLIONAIRE
HORIZONS

DER KAISERHOF
BADGASTEIN
AUSTRIA

"DER KAISERHOF" ranges among the most distinguished and traditional European hotels far-famed by its unique atmosphere and by its outstanding reputation. World-famous by its culinary specialties of international and Austrian cuisine, as well as by its cozy comfort.

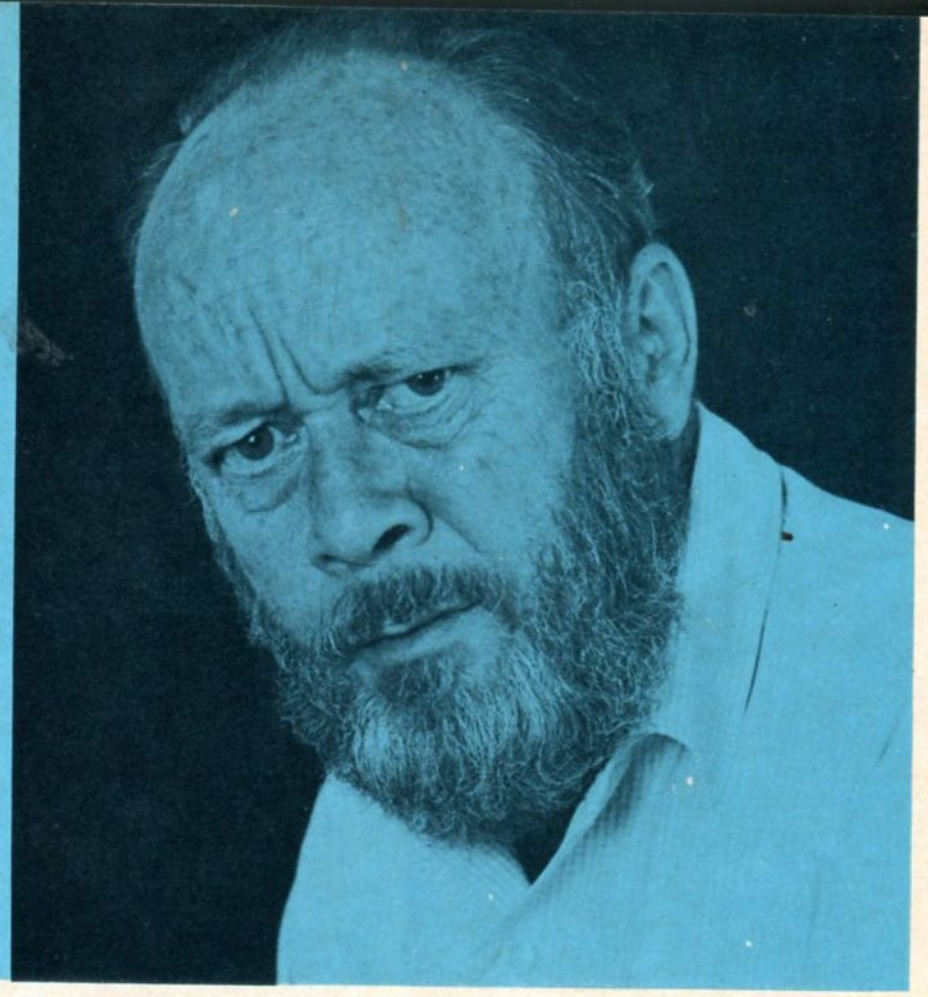
Best-equipped thermal baths directly in the hotel.

"DER KAISERHOF", surrounded by its own large parks and woods, is also appreciated and preferred because of its absolutely quiet location. Besides this all the front rooms offer a magnificent view over the Gastein valley. In only five minutes' walking distance along the "Kaiser-Wilhelm-Promenade" you can comfortably reach the shopping centre of the famous spa. Extensive own garage and parking facilities, the vicinity of the 9-hole golf course, free entrance to the indoor swimming-pool of the Hotel Habsburgerhof (close to our hotel, same management) are further advantages of a stay at

"THE KAISERHOF".

FOR MEN ONLY or THE MANLY ART OF GROWING A BEARD

By Marion Barnett



BRISTLING WITH RESENTMENT--A normal phase of beard culture. Note the presence of "character" and the absence of anything that resembles compassion, humor or understanding.

At one time or another, it seems, every man contemplates growing a beard. A young man must prove his maturity, the older men have to convince themselves they are not slipping. Somewhere in between these two groups is the great mass of beard growers—those who do it for the hell of it—or for some reason known only to themselves.

Most men give up after the first day or two—some continue in spite of the substantial odds. For those who must, we try to help. They will need it.

Don't tell anyone what you're going to do, just let it grow on them. The "them" that we refer to will attempt to discourage you, first by subtle hints, then by ridicule—and, finally, by open threat.

Now that you are ready to start, just forget to shave the first morning or blatantly say you don't have the time. You'll have to get used to lying about it, so you might as well get started at once. The wife won't believe you either way.

The next person you must confront is your secretary. She'll assume at first that you are in the dog house and will spend more than her usual time powdering her pretty face. Don't let that fool you—she's watching you in her compact mirror.

Your first visit to the barber will be your next big test. He'll ask you, "Shave too?" Brace yourself and tell him not to let the razor go too far below the sideburns—that you've decided to grow a beard. There's no need to lie to him. He knows all the symptoms. He's an old pro with the problem, he'll understand. He and Aunt Sarah are the only ones who will.

You've now reached the point where you will make your stand and bare the naked truth to your wife. First, get her in a good mood (to each his own method) and casually say, "Don't you think I'd look more like a man of character if I grew a beard?"

"So that's what you're doing! I might have known it! After all these years you've found out what a nincompoop you are and you are going to hide it behind that spinach?"

This is the most formidable of the female approaches to the problem. At this point you begin to think she is being subsidized by the Beep-Beep Razor Blade Corporation. If you really want to do her in, tell her, "My secretary likes it." By the time she speaks to you again you should have a ten day's growth.

Now to the personal part of it. The infernal itching! Not even Aunt Sarah will sympathize with you in this.

Then comes the great day when someone asks, "How long did it take you to grow that?" Just a simple, casual question. From this moment on you are master of the situation, the proven expert on beard culture. Yours is the thickest, silkiest, the shiniest beard ever grown. Now no one dares criticize you.

On the other hand, you realize that you have become so overbearing that you no longer have friends in the literal sense of the word.

And other side affects: your children have nightmares and your wife has decided to pack them up and take them home to mama; some of your better clients have taken their business elsewhere; kids giggle when you pass and old ladies cross the street through heavy traffic to avoid meeting you face-to-face. Ignore them! You have a beard.

Now, my friend, you are on your own. I've tried it and I have no sympathy for you.

The only friend you have left in the world is Aunt Sarah. But she combed out her beard last week and went back to the carnival. M

Millionaire
RECORD REVIEW

SARAH VAUGHAN

SMOTHERS BROTHERS

JOHNNY MATHIS

MITCHELL TRIO

THE PLATTERS *NEW DISH* ADDS GLITTER TO OLD GOLD

BARBARA RANDOLPH

The Platters - whose impressive list of gold records - on million sellers of "Only You", "The Great Pretender", "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", "Twilight Time", "My Prayer" and their million seller album "Encore Of Golden Hits", which has been on top record sales charts for over two years - are proudly presenting a glittering new "Dish" in their act these. The petite and lovely Barbara Randolph is capturing their audiences with every "twist of the wrist" as well as her abundant talent.

Barbara Randolph comes from a show business family. Her Mother, Lillian Randolph, not only being a favorite of the West Coast screen colony, but her fabulous way with both sultry and saucy songs packed Hollywood's famous Larry Potter's Supper Club for more than seven straight years. Her Aunt, Amanda Randolph, has long been one of Hollywood's most respected character actresses and has been playing Louise on the Danny Thomas Show for the past ten years. Barbara's Uncle and God-Father, Steve Gibson, is famed as the leader of the popular "Red Caps".

But even more outstanding is the wide acclaim this young and beautiful girl has already achieved for herself! Besides appearing in the most lavish clubs and hotels around the country, she can also boast about her extensive tour for six months of Japan, Okinawa and Formosa; two full seasons on tour with Ella Logan and David Wayne in "Finian's Rainbow"; a motion picture in which she played the juvenile lead, MGM's "Bright Road" (which also starred Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge) and appearances on such popular television shows as the"Roaring Twenties", "Channing", "First Impressions" and Art Linkletter's "People Are Funny"! Her talents are proven both as an actress and singer!

Mercury Records is releasing her first recording "Rock Lomand" and "'Sweet Daddy Tree Top Tall" which will receive equal promotion with The Platters releases on their current tour of colleges and night clubs and their forthcoming Japanese tour which starts in December.

SOPHIA SLEPT HERE

CAESAREA
THE JET SET HIDEOUT

BY I. IASIC SECHTER

PHOTOS COURTESY
MELNOT CO. INC.

The Caesarea Hotel has everything you can ask or dream for. One of Israel's most beautiful models is waiting outside the Caesarea Hotel, is it for you?

**Yes! The Romans have returned to Caesarea.
Sofia Loren as she conquers all those surrounding her.
To her right is General Yaffe of the Israel Defense Forces, (Retired)
A modern day Caesarean.**

**Caesarea once had
its chariots-, today its Rolls Royce.**

Sophia Loren and Israel? The Jet Set hides out in Israel? Luxury resorts in Israel? These questions might bedevil you. You might be under the impression that Israel is the land of milk and honey. That all there is to see are new settlements in the desert, border village kibbutzime and some archeological sites. Yes, you can see all this-, but-, Israel has some new things to show you, some luxurious things to show you.

The local fever in Israel, that high octane fuel that makes the Israelis run, is called pioneering. With all their dynamic tempo and temperment they are adopting their pioneering methods to a new industry the pioneering of the "luxury tourists trade.'

If you want to be "in" with the Jet-Set, if you want to rub shoulders with millionaires, you will have to learn their password, which is: Biarritz, Deauville, St. Moritz, San Carlo . . . , Caesarea.

This is the annual circuit of the Jet-Set, of todays millionaires. Caesarea is the newest and most kept secretive hide-out. And why not? Why share Caesarea with the rest of the world?

If you ask this question to some young millionaire, he'll stare at you with cold eyes and give you a short and curt reply. "Why spoil this spot!" After another second, he sort of gives out an order to you. "Let's keep hush-hush, about this place!"

Why not? Why not? What is the magic spell that has been controlling Caesarea for the last 2000 years? What drew the Roman Emperors to it? Why are the young millionaires of today running toward it?

Caesarea today contains all the required trappings; a super luxury hotel, private villas, furnished resort apartments, private swimming pools, wide bathing beaches and of course, an 18 hole golf course which has already been in operation for 2 years.

Eventually there will be a private yacht harbor, a landing strip for small airplanes, special parks, bridle paths, etc.

Caesarea, has that little "extra" that is unique the world over. Adding a new twist to the traditional picture of a luxury resort area . . . , the excavated ruins of Caesarea, second only to Jerusalem in its rich historical heritage. Caesarea, the playground of emperors, and millionaires of the Roman empire. Excavations and restorations completed to date already give the entire area a unique old-new atmosphere, found in few places in the world.

They say that the Jet-Set are quite a choosy group. They want the unusual. They have sunned on the beaches of Deauville and schussed on the slopes of St. Moritz. Caesarea gives them the unusual with a twist.

No one, no hi-fi, stereo set, can compare with a Pablo Casals performance in Caesarea's ancient theatre.

So if music is your soft spot, then there seems to be no greater magnet that draws the big names than the Roman theatre at Caesarea. Such outstanding artists as Isaac Stern, Igor Stravinsky, Rudolf Serking, John Gielguld and Agnes Moorehead have also performed there. There is still a long waiting. list of talented artists who are waiting to be given the honor of appearing in that 2000 year old theatre.

The saga of modern Caesarea might be entitled "From Herod to Rothschild." King Herod the Great of Judea built Caesarea in 20 A.D. and eventually made it into one of the leading harbors of the Middle East. It was the seat of the Roman procurators of the Province of Judea. Pontius Pilate landed there on his way to assume his duties in Jerusalem. Here the last great Jewish revolt against the Romans broke out in 67 A.D. Three years later, the Roman victory was celebrated by the slaughter of several thousand Jewish captives from Jerusalem in the public arenas of Caesarea. In the 7th Century the rising Arab forces overcame and expelled the Christian residents of the city. In the 12th Century, the Crusaders led by the French King Baudouin took over. One hundred years later, Caesarea was wiped off the map by the Arab forces and Caesarea lay in fallow for six centuries until the Ottoman rulers of Palestine settled some Moslems, refugees from Bosnia there in the late 1800's.

In the 1920's, the late Baron Edmond de Rothschild took a fancy to the area and purchased a good part of it for a possible Jewish settlement. In 1937 a Jewish kibbuts, Sdot Yam, was built nearby and in 1948 with the establishment of the State of Israel, the Moslem residents of Caesarea fled.

In the early 1950's, the grandson who bears the same name as the famous Baron, picked Caesarea as the millionaires answer to the Garden of Eden. The young Baron, even reserved one project for himself . . . the building of a luxury hotel. The minute the first spade broke the sandy soil of Caesarea. The minute the young Baron started building his hotel, investors small and large flocked to Caesarea, their war cry was "All systems are go!"

The best advertisement for Caesarea seems to be the villas that have been sprouting on the sand dunes. It seems the young millionaires have "come, seen, and, been conquered," and transformed into true Caesareans.

So you better hop over to Caesarea, before your friends will ask. "What! You haven't seen Caesarea yet?" M

The young Caesareans are enjoyin life, taking it easy, and keeping their eye on the ball.

MILLIONAIRE SALUTES

THOSE WHO HELP!

THE ARTHRITIS STORY

by Sandy Reiss

For the past six years, the Arthritis Foundation has made its yearly appeal for funds on Channel 5, one of the leading Television stations in Los Angeles. Some 300 stars helped raise more than $150,000 during a 19 hour telethon spectacular which got the annual month-long Arthritis Foundation fund raising drive off the ground. The campaign was launched February 1 to 7 during which time 30,000 volunteers canvassed homes in the Los Angeles area in quest for funds.

The Arthritis Foundation is the only local and national organization completely dedicated to the problems of Arthritis, providing patient care and treatment and supporting research, now that the National Foundation-March of Dimes has officially withdrawn from the arthritis field.

Funds are used in the Arthritis Foundations medical and service program of research treatment and education. This emcompasses grants to the So. California medical schools as well as research, rehabilitation, home care, clinic grants, public education programs, literature and films.

Actor Gene Raymond is serving as general campaign chairman of the drive, and Mrs. Peter J. Pitchess, wife of Los Angeles' County Sheriff, directed the door-to-door neighborhood march. Some of the top entertainers who appeared on the telethon were: Pat Boone, Steve Allen, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Hugh O'Brien, Dale Robertson, Dick Van Dyke, Raymond Massey, Jim Backus and Arthur O'Connell.

Once again this year, Johnny Grant, who has been labeled with everything from "Mr. Benefit" to "America's Host", donned his "Ambassador of Goodwill" garb as the master of ceremonies for the A & R Telethon of 1965. His emcee appearance this year marks the 6th such performance for Johnny over a 12 year period. Grant has also done telethons for Cerebral Palsy and the US Olympic Committee. For all these, over 250 hours, his services have been given freely.

In Southern California alone, there are now more than 700,000 arthritis sufferers, all of these sufferers depending on a cure for their disease. The Arthritis Foundations depends on

Bob Hope and Mary Markham square off to fight arthritus

Gene Raymond, General Campaign Chairman

Many hours devoted by Johnny Grant, Carolin Jones and celebrities

contributions to carry on the work of arresting this crippling disease and each year the budget demands larger contributions. The Foundation putting their faith in the public, with Johnny Grant as their voice on television in the plea for funds.

The campaign continues throughout the year. Further information is obtainable at:

Arthritis Foundation, 8576 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

Mary Markham (Internationally known screen and TV producer) coordinates all telethons for the foundation. ●

PLAYBOY'S SEXLOSOPHY

PART III By Fernando Faura

Playboy has run out of "philosophy" or "philosophy" has run out on Playboy. Whichever the case, may it *NOT* rest in peace. After months of howling winds of sexual reform, the storm built itself to a pregnant climax that ultimately failed to deliver its much expected child of a new moral credo.

It is less than commendable that Mr. Hefner failed to deliver his "philosophy" as well as he was able to deliver his promise. Like a ship that survives a hazardous voyage only to sink close to its home port and let the crew swim the rest of the way, the sinking of the "philosophy" in the waters of unfulfilled promises leaves a wake of Playboy followers, floundering and uncertain of their Playboy mores. The "philosophy" burned behind them the bridge of morals they were brought up with only to fail to build the one that would span the "unacceptable" present and take them to the "sex-guilt" ridden future.

The task of setting forth a new approach to sex mortality is a monumental task far beyond the capacity of any given individual. We do not blame Mr. Hefner for reappraising the position of having boxed himself into a corner from which there was no place to move safely. His justifiable preoccupation with tearing down archaic, unfair and unenforceable laws dealing with the individual's sex life, possibly transcended his better judgment and led him to deliver a promise of a new morality; a task far beyond his reach.

He seemed to have forgotten that human behavior - like words - must find general acceptance before it is incorporated as a way of life.

If the "Playboy Philosophy" is dead - as it seems - we do not wish it a restful peace. Many fine points were raised and many better ones could have been unearthed had it been delivered as promised. Nothing but good could have come out of the open discussions and controversies that would have followed. Debate, analyze, conclude and adopt would have been the pattern of the day. A positive, mature approach to the nagging necessity of adjusting to the changing morality of a dynamic society in constant evolution.

We consider the debates of the last three issues of the "Playboy Philosophy" a poor substitute for the direct approach that could have been taken and which we believe would have been more fruitful and rewarding. The substitution of one for the other was a cowardly retreat from facing a moral obligation and a safety device for saving face by presenting an ambiguous potpourri of ideas. Mr. Hefner gets an "A" for shrewdness and an "F" for failing to assume the responsibility he claimed for himself.

For our part, we wish that a subject of such social importance as the sexual awareness of today's youth continue to be aired and discussed. The what, the why and how and the anwsers that shall be forthcoming are important to us and our families. The "grown-up" facing of such issues and the grappling with them is the only answer to ignorance and uncertainty. It would be a good thing if the shock waves of the debate continue to reverberate and help to awaken and bring forth a more mature understanding of sexual matters in our society.

We are sorry to see the "Philosophy" pass away, since it was a courageous attempt at focusing attention on important issues and it dared to challenge reform in several areas that need it badly. Everybody talks about the "sexual revolution" but no one dares to pick up and carry the banner. The "philosophy" served the useful purpose of pointing an accusing finger at one of the ugliest sores within our free society - that of "bedroom legislation". Like birds waiting for their food with open mouth we too clamored for the food that can only make our lives richer; an open, frank and adult discussion; the airing of moral issues that remain problematic only as long as they are not rationally discussed. The first two parts of the "Sexlosophy" were an overt and undisguised attempt at inciting the start of Mr. Hefner's positive statement at the conclusion of his "philosophy". They were contrary by nature but constructive in purpose. We are sorry to see, however, that we are to be deprived of this and that the editorial backbone of such a fine publication has collapsed. The "philosophy" dies but the ugly corpse it unearthed still lives. ●

Jaguar tracks

Al Zapanta with trophy jaguar

AL ZAPANTA

EL TIGRE

Have you ever been in the middle of a tropical jungle, many miles away from civilization in the dead of night and hear the eerie sound of a love-sick jaguar calling? This is a sound that many big game hunters have never heard and one which envisions a deadly "cat" ready to spring at your throat. In reality, the wily jaguar is a very shy animal and does not want to meet up with any humans. Since he is one of the most sought after trophy animals, very few sportsman are lucky enough or hardy enough to hunt him. It is a sure bet that most trophy game rooms of big game hunters do not have this prized animal. The reason for this is simple in that it is a very arduous & uncomfortable hunt and one most hunters do not want to take. It is conducted at night and anyone who has hunted the tropical jungles knows how spooky this can be. Your imagination can run wild and the deathly quite of the jungles during the night is quite unbelievable. Only the ardent and true sportsman will venture forth in quest of this magnificent animal and the fellow who can boast of a jaguar trophy can justly be proud, regardless of size!

My jaguar mounted by the famous Fiske Brothers Taxidermists in El Monte, California has caused much comment in my office and consequently my good friend Lee Marvin, the actor and sportsman professed a desire to hunt the "Tigre". We discussed the various areas to hunt and finally came up with the Yucatan Jungles due to the type of terrain and also for the excellent guide service afforded by the well known Mexican guide Pepe Sansores, whose outfit is out of Campeche, Yucatan.. The time of the year played an important part of this decision as we were going to Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico for my annual billfish tournament which takes place in either late April or early May and we would leave Mazatlan for Campeche at the completion of the tourney.

We arrived in Campeche on May 8, 1965, accompanied by my cameraman Dick Bushe and two other sportsmen from Sunnyvale, California. Don Marshall and Don Davenport who were doing some classified research on shotgun shells and also my good friend Fred Stockman, a well known sportsman from Los Angeles. Our main purpose was to film the actual killing of a jaguar which has never been done as all the shooting and filming had to be done at night. This meant we had to travel with special portable batteries and a spot light to give the cameraman some light to shoot the film and we had to carry this at all times not knowing when we would jump a "cat". All the equipment was quite burdensome and Dick had a job on his hands. Our hunting outfit supplied by Pepe consisted of 2 jeeps, 1 pick up truck and a ton and a half truck which carried all our ice, cold drinks, kitchen equipment and food. We also had an entourage of 10 native helpers. The large truck with all the helpers left a day ahead to set up our camp in the jungles of Yucatan so that our camp would be ready to receive our party.

We traveled excellent highways out of Campeche West into the jungles and at dusk we were at the village of Escarciga. From here on it was dirty, dusty and bumpy jungle trails. Within a few miles, the jeep with Lee Marvin spotted a dirty muddy animal cross the road and it was immediately identified as a puma which Lee tried to shoot but it was too quick and was gone into the thick jungles before Lee could get off a shot. It could have been a jaguar as they sometimes do get dusty and muddy, but our little Mayan guide Victor said it was a puma and I learned to have a lot of trust in his ability and knowledge of this jungle. Our spirits were high after this action and from there on into the camp we eagerly watched the roads for another cat. You never know when you will jump a tigre and it is the alert hunter who gets his trophy.

Our arrival at camp, after hours of rough traveling through jungle roads and paths brought us to an open clearing which during the seasons was used for the native chicle harvesters. A small landing strip was hewn out of this tangeled mess of growth which was so uneven that half way down the short strip a dip completely obliterated the view of your plane taking off! It was amazing to find out that the young Mexican pilots made two landing and take-offs a day to bring in supplies and other materials. They were excellent pilots and as bush pilots—flew by the seat of their pants. Don Marshall, a World War 2 fighter pilot, was astounded at their ability to make this short landing and take-off. We both were later to fly out with this pilot and Don marvelled at his flying ability. It did not seem possible that in such a short space the pilot

could take off in a twin Beech-Vintage in early World War 2!

Our camp consisted of 6 thatched roof jungle huts typical of the area and which was to be our "home" during this hunt. Although they looked as though it was also home to every spider and snake in the area, our forward troops did a good job of delousing the huts. Inside these huts were 4 hammocks with mosquito netting which proved to be very comfortable to sleep in. Our bath or rather showers was another hut with a typical make-shift shower. A fifty gallon drum with holes punched in the bottom served the purpose adequately.

The first surprise of the entire trip and probably the biggest was our first dinner in camp. We walked into the dining room hut and lo and behold! A sumptuously laden table with sparkling clean glasses, china and linen with flowers and to top it off... By candlelight! Cocktails and before dinner wines were served followed by fresh shrimp cocktails which were the most succulent ever....mind you.... many many miles into the jungles! The main course which followed was superb, with tender steaks, asparagus, baked potato and peas and yet with a fresh salad of tomato and lettuce! You would have thought we were dining in some exclusive restaurant in the states. Our dessert was fresh pineapple and these were comparable to the pineapples grown in the Hawaiian Islands. The service by our camp helpers was excellent and they even wore white jackets! I believe that Pepe Sansores is giving the African Safari Outfitters a run for their money when it comes to service and food.

After dinner, the usual banter of sportsmen talk with a full stomach and after dinner drinks kept us all up till midnight when we hit the sack for our morning hunt the following day.

We were awakened at 5:00 A.M. by the camp waiters with delicious cold orange juice and steaming hot coffee---served to us in our hammocks! Service deluxe in the jungles miles away from modern conveniences. It was simply amazing....the comforts and service, plus the fine foods was the nearest thing to an African Safari, but once our hunt was under way all semblance completely changed! The first day was spent in scouting the area for signs and also spotting areas to shoot bait. We checked the Savanahs for deer tracks and also the water holes for wild boar or the "Jabali" which are so abundant here.

There are several ways to hunt the jaguar and depending on the area and the guide. These may be changed to suit the hunters' ability. One of the ways is to find a small clearing where a baited animal namely either a goat, dog or any small domestic animal is tied to a stake and then a "Machan" of palm fronds and other jungle growth is constructed within 20 yards of the bait. The whining and the acute smell of the jaguar brings him to the bait and just before he makes his death leap, the lights are snapped on and check up one dead jaguar. Another version of baiting is to drag a dead deer or boar through the jungle trails and then let it set, securely tied to a stake so that it would be impossible for him to drag it away. Once he has feasted on this bait he will surely return to finish his meal. It is only a matter of waiting him out for a killing shot.

An expert guide can call these cats into shooting range by simulating *their love call which is like a low deep* grunt. A tried and proven method to get a jaguar within range is to use a "Pujadera" which when translated into English means "a grunter". This is a banjo - like instrument made by the natives from a dried gourd as a frame and a taut skin covering as a drum face with a leather shong for a string. When pulled this simulates his call and being an amorous sort of a fellow he can be brought into shooting sights....The trick is to see the "Tigre" before he realizes that he has been basely deceived!

All shooting is mainly done with .12 gauge shotguns with an automatic highly recommended FPR quick successive shooting. 3 inch magnum shells using double 0 shot is the best inset for this type of hunting. The hunter carries a typical miner's lamp on his fore-head which has been pre-sighted to align with his barrel when in shooting position and these lamps are capable of shooting a sharp strand of light for 30 yards with a 5 foot beam. This is almost a necessity since your shooting is instantaneous! He has no time to sight along the barrel or field him in his scope.

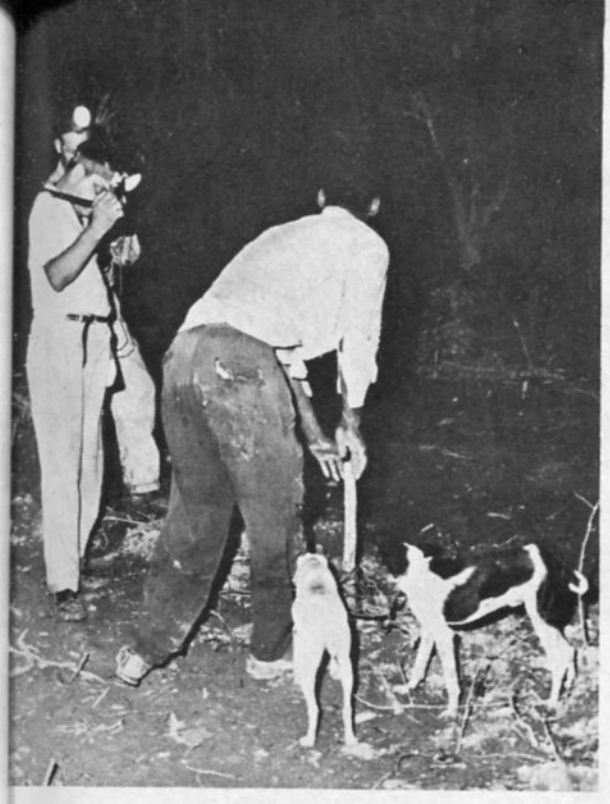
I have not discussed using hound dogs for jaguar hunting in Mexico or further south as good dogs are hard to come by and very expensive. The guide outfits that use dogs are usually from the United States.

My very first jaguar was called to within 10 yards of where we were squatting in some jungle growth and by Jackie Vasquez a famous guide from Belize, British Honduras. We had been running the jungle roads in the interior of British Honduras when we stopped to check some fresh foot prints, when in the distant we heard a jaguar call. Jackie immediately answered with repeated calls and it was quite eerie to hear that cat answer closer each time until he was on us and those eyes burning almost scared me out of my wits. The headlamps were flashed and the cat stood transfixed to the spot and before he could gather his wits, I let go with a shot and with a roar he jumped straight up and staggered into the jungle. We heard him thrashing about in the jungle and after he stopped, Jackie warily probed his way into the dense matted growth and then called out to me to see my trophy...what a sight! It seemed as though all the gnats, flies, snakes, hot and humid weather, bad water, sleepless nights was well worth to have him as my own trophy.....

He had been hit in the spine and yet he had managed to travel some distance. I have seen these cats hit with 3 loads of shot and yet get up and try to get away! They are amazingly strong and do not die easily. The one amusing trait—if you can call it such—is his jump which he makes whether hit or not. I have yet to see or know of a jaguar killed on the spot!

Jackie also likes to use canoes or native "cayucos", which are made from solid logs of mahogany made entirely by hand using an ADZ. He cruises at night along the banks of the many rivers and since the Jaguar likes the water, he has taken many jaguars using this method.

Back to our Yucatan hunt, on the second night we spotted several tracks but no live cats and our shooting was nil until dawn when Lee Marvin got himself a nice buck in the Savanah and a wild boar at a water hole close by. I too had taken a small deer and



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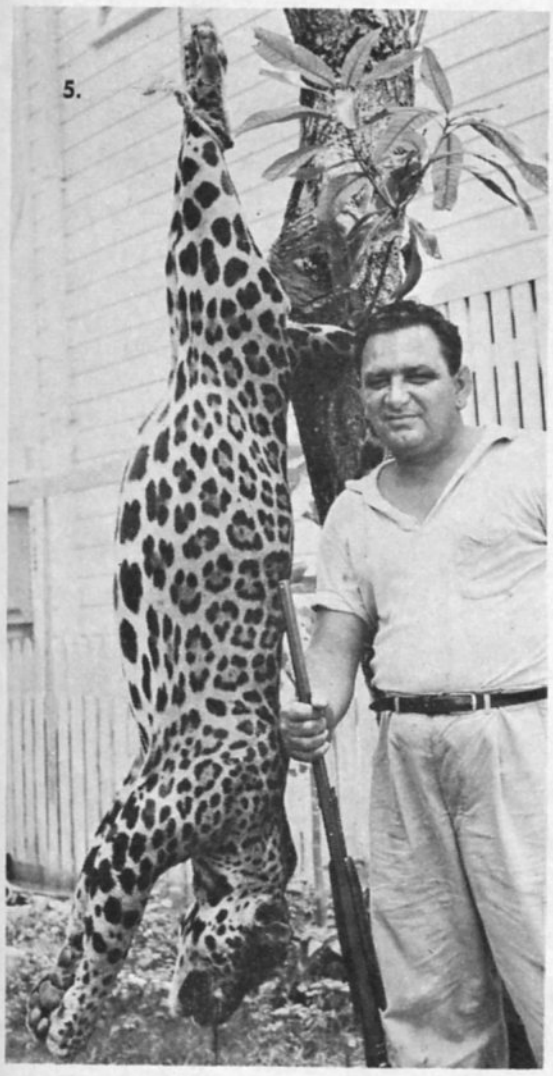

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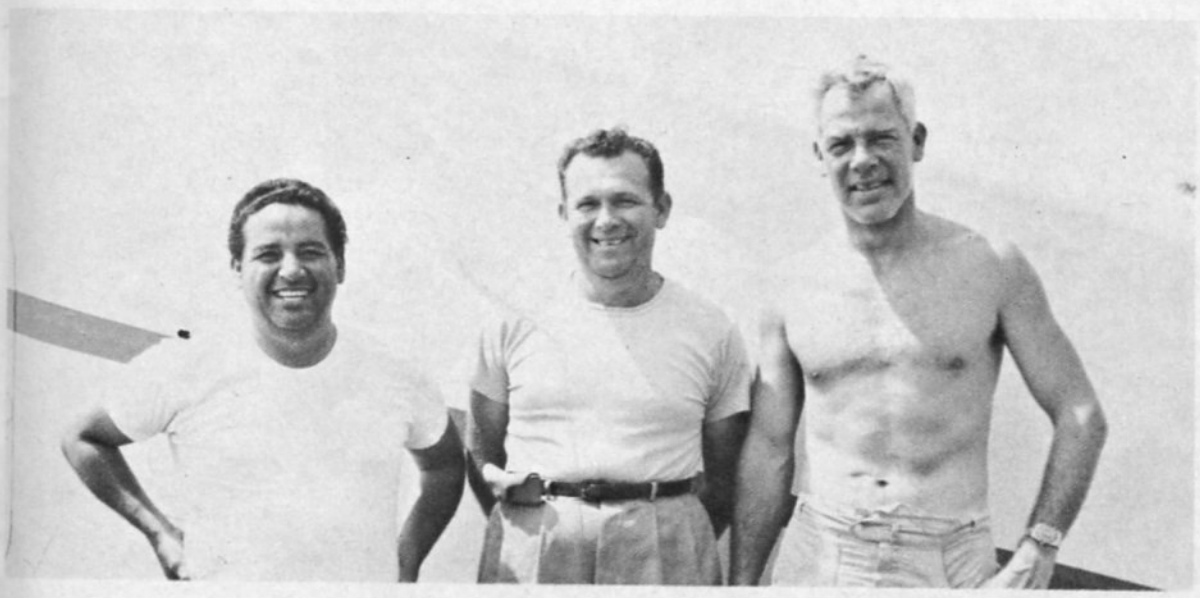
1. Baiting with live dogs tied to stake
2. Our guides and camp helpers
3. Lee Marvin & Al with guides and hunters
4. "Machan" in clearing of jungle
5. Jackie Vasquez with Al's cat
6. Al, Pepe Sansores and Lee



6.

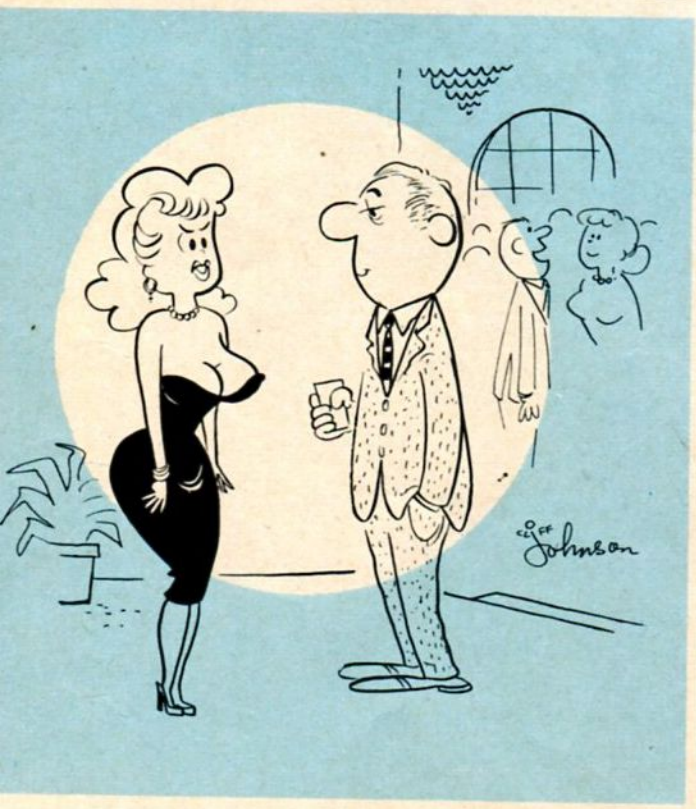
a boar. Turkeys were abundant around the water holes as can be attested by the many tracks. These toms are big and smart and only a hunter who knows their habits can bag this game bird. Lee took several and I was lucky to see and shoot one. We headed back into camp for breakfast and again hit the trails for game. We both lucked out with the rare and beautiful game bird, the royal crested currasow which also is rare in the game rooms of sportsmen. The female carries the black and white crest atop her head and she is a stately trophy. We brought them both into camp that afternoon and the chef cooked them for us. We were all pleasantly surprised to find that they were delicious and the way our chef cooked them was out of this world. These birds attain a weight of 10 lbs. and are usually shot running along the ground.

Our other hunters had some luck in spotting jaguars and even got in some shooting but as luck would have it, they did not nail one. Our luck with the ocelot was much better and all in our party took a nice ocelot within the next 3 days. One morning in the early A.M. we spotted a pair of eyes glaring at us in the middle of the jungle trail and we immediately

turned off our headlights....it was a small red fox. We turned them on again and believe it or not he ran at us and under our jeep! He must have been blinded by the bright lights and did not know were we were!

The last morning of our hunt Lee spotted a tigre crossing the road about 70 yards ahead and Lee took off with Pepe after the cat. They ran about 30 yards and stopped and then turned on their lights... a shot was fired by Lee and both Lee and Pepe ran into the thicket. They came out shortly with Lee carrying a beautiful size ocelot which has been mounted and now leers down at you from his trophy den. Our trip was too short as Lee had to get back to work for his new film, but he has vowed to return and get his "Jag".

Back to Campeche we decided to try our hand at some Tarpon and Snook and Barracuda fishing and in 2 days, we took all the Tarpon and Snook plus Weakfish and Crevalle we could hook and land. The great Barracuda proved to be scarce but our fishing buddy Fred Stockman had some excellent fishing for Barracuda and he took many with his heaviest fish going 27 lbs. Fred being an expert light tackle fisherman took all his fish on 15 lb. line. Lee too, is an excellent light tackle fisherman and his ability as a fisherman and a hunter is second to none. The Campeche waters has been termed by many Florida Anglers who come here especially to cast for these fighters, as the finest in the world....This coming from Floridians it must be good....



"Why, Mr. Baxter, I can **so** bend over and touch my toes. . . . Would you like me to prove it?"

The jaguar is the mightest of American cats and is commonly called "El Tigre" by the natives of Mexico and all countries south, as far as Argentina. El Tigre ranges the forests, treeless Pampas, semi-desert or on cold mountains, but prefers to rove the jungle streams where he can swim to cool off on hot nights and escape gnats and flies. He ranged as far north as California, a century ago and in Arizona and Texas and the last recorded kill of this exotic game animal was made in Palm Springs in the year 1860. Today an occasional jaguar will wander north of the Rio Grande. Not too long ago a huge cat was shot by a woman in Arizona!

His length has been measured as large as nine feet and weighing up to 350 lbs! It seems that the further south you hunt, the bigger the cats grow. The jaguars of Brazil are unusually much larger than those taken anywhere else. He closely resembles the African and Asian leopard but has a heavier chest and larger head but shorter tail. The cubs are spotted at birth and occasionally, a jet black jaguar is born to a female. His main diet is native animals of the area. He roams such as the Tapir, wild pigs, deer, capybara and if he is close to a village, he will shortly clean out the village's dogs! Turtle eggs and smaller game are also listed on his mixed menu. The tigre is an excellent swimmer which is unusual for the "Cat" family. Out of the way farms are plagued with the jaguar's forages on the domestic animals and he is such an amazingly strong animal that he can break the neck of a full grown horse, mule or ox! Although not essentially a coward, the jaguar does not want any part of humans, but if cornered or wounded and his means of escape is through your path...then he can be dangerous. When hungry he will attack any moving thing!

Once again we had to think of going back to the hustle and bustle of city life and try to forget the wonderful 15 days we spent in this fantastic country of Yucatan, Mexico. If ever a sportsman wanted to try his luck at shooting some marvelous game, and hooking onto some "jumpers" then he must make his plans to visit the land of Mayas, Yucatan.

With the advent of jet service to this area it is no problem to fly from any point in the United States and be hunting or fishing the very next day. This is probably some of the last frontier close to us "Norte* Americanos" and if we don't take advantage of this, creeping civilization may wipe out the virgin country. As of now, there are dirt strips for small planes to fly into the jungles, and roads are being cut through this area in ever increasing numbers. Before long, we will have driven the game further south and possibly into extinction.

This jaguar hunt is a trip of a lifetime and one, most hunters dream of making. Make up your mind to try your hand and remember that hunting for jaguar is good from Mexico south to Argentina....Take your pick and let's go hunting "El Tigre".....

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE HUNTER:

YOUR CLOTHING AND WEIGHT OF SLEEPING GEAR WJLL DEPEND ON THE ALTITUDE OF THE HUNT. THE FOLLOWING IS A ROUGH RULE OF THUMB TO GO BY:

Sea level to 2,000 ft. (along the coast) - hot days - pleasant nights.
Sea level to 2,000 ft. (interior) torrid days; warm muggy nights.
2,000 to 4,000 ft. hot days; warm nights.
4,000 to 6,000 ft. warm days. temperate nights.
6,000 to 8,000 ft. warm days; uncomfortably cold nights.
8,000 to 10,000 ft. warm days; almost freezing nights.
Equipment
Insect repellant or spray.
Compact first aid kit.
Light water proof hunting boots - tennis shoes are fine.
Small compass
Good knife
If you have to camp out, select a light sleeping bag according to the temperature.
Head lamp
Light long sleeve short or pull-over shirt.
Knitted cuff hunting pants to fit into boots or shoes - keep out the ticks.
Shot gun - preferrably a .12 gauge pump or automatic. Magnum loads - 3 inch shells.
Anti-snake bite kit.
Salt tablets

Cost for such a trip? Depending on area..Anywhere from $1000.00 to $2500.00.

TRULY A MILLIONAIRE'S TRIP!.....

AESOP OF MODERN SLANT

THE BEETLE AND THE ANT

BY JOE WHITCOMB

Like man it was going to be a long drab frosty winter for all the cats. No one dug it more than a certain real square ant who had sweated away all fall bugging dirt and other odd bits from hither and yon again. He had set himself up in a real cool pad in a real chi chi spot in suburbansville. It had a sharp master-bedroom combo, four bathrooms, all electric kitchen, four car garage, with stereo throughout. The deep-freezer was stacked with enough T.V. dinners to last 'til spring. And he'd made securitysville per hard work and the easy time-payment plan. He was easily the most Go-Go-Go-bugger in a dozen squaresvilles. And he was in hock right up to his left antenna.

He had been burning his old candleabra on all wicks for so long that he really was in shakesville. Late one Autumn P.M., after a rugged day at the old firmo, a day when even the happy-pills and his vitamins had not quelled his usual hebee-jeebees, he headed for the nearest bistro to guzzle a bit of the suds. El Squaro had hardly downed his forth frosted, when this real gone beetle sidled over to his stool and offered to stand him a drinko. Man, this crazy beetle came on the scene strong like little Bobby Burtonbug. He wore skin-tight pants, a weirdo little jacket, and high-heeled tennis shoes. He was real sallow like, and his long mangy-dirty hair banged down half covering his beady little glimmers. And while the ant thought this beetle character a really odd looking creepo, he noted that all the bug-chicks in the joint seemed to flip over the beetle. Besides which, the anto was so square he had hard times digging the hep lingo of his new friend.

"Will you please speak more slowly and less loud!" spoke the ant. "I'm a bit shaky today! I've been working six and seven days a week for some time now, and I seem to be a little anxious, more nervous than usual today that is."

He weekly blew the foam from his lager and with trembling hands raised the glass to his quivering lips. The beetle parted his bangs for a better glem of this insecure little specimen, sadly shaking his head at the sad sight.

"What were you saying before?" the ant asked again, between gulps of his brew. "Speak more clearly."

"I said---maybe I can assist you daddyo," offered the beetle. "It bugs me to see a guy all shook like you seem to be. I've been eyeing you for some time and I can't remember ever seeing anybody more flippity. Whatsamatter, you on the pills or what? Give me the facts man, and old doc Beetle will get you straight again."

The ant put down his stein and looked over at his beetle-benefactor with doubting eyes. "It's no good, I'm in too deep and no one can help me now. And it's a shame too. If my nerves could only hold out for 15 more years, my pension might save me. No, I'm afraid I am beyond help, in too deep. It's just a question of time: 15 years 'til my pension; 3 years to pay off my car; 10 years on my furniture; 20 years on my mortgage; 10 more years alimony; 10 more years to get the kids through college; and years of insurance payments, dues at the country club, and doctors' and dentists' bills. Oh woe is me, and I've been such a good hard worker, but I seem to have run out of gas. Everything was so secure until my nerves simply deserted me. I don't know what will become of me: an untimely death, perhaps at my own hand; a long rest at some nursing home; jail; the poorhouse. I suffer terribly from ulcers, anxieties, and will probably come down soon with lung-cancer or coronary, or perhaps both. You see, friend, if I could at least get out of debt maybe my nerves would improve and the rest of my unique problems would follow suit. Then I could start all over, and this time I'd know better, I'd watch my step. But no, friend beetle, it is too late and no one can get me out of this."

"You're putting me on man," said the beetle. "Are you for real?

The beetle stopped speaking a moment to shake his wild wig up and down several times in the direction of the admiring bug-chicks in the bar. They seemed to enjoy this gesture immensely, screaming and rolling madly on the sawdust floor in response to the beetles hairy gyrations. Having thusly satisfied his followers he returned to the business at hand.

"Tell me you crazy mad ant, how long you been at this buggy job that's made you so ga-ga?" quiered the beetle.

"About 15 years, ever since I got out of college," said the ant. "And it's a rotten shame I can't make this second 15," he sighed. "But don't worry about me, beetle, I'll get by some way. Maybe I can borrow on my insurance or get a second mortgage on my house. If I can get another job in the evenings ... a year or so of that will get me right back in there punching. Oh if my nerves were only more manageable, if Milltown would only work like it used to."

"You say you've been hacking away for this outfit for 15 annums and will have it made in only 15 more?" asked the beetle.

"That's correct," answered the square ant.

"How much will it take to bail you *out* so you can get back *in* as soon as possible?" asked the hep beetle.

"In round figures, about three thousand should do me fine," said the anxious ant.

"Well now, dig this you mad ant you. I never worked a day in my life, in college or out. Sorta just cruised around making the scene, if you know what I mean. A little of thisa and a bit of thata, that's all man. About a year ago I got lucky. I formed this crazy little combo, that's a band to you and your square friends, and we hit the big time right off the bat. Me and the boys aren't exactly musicians but we make with the sound, and these crazy

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who joins Toastmasters, does so because he is reaching for new opportunities for self-expression, it naturally follows that each and every participant should have a chance to grow a little; to show the quality of his personal talents, and to have his moment of glory for all of the time and effort he has devoted to the cause.

In summing up the advantages of membership in this highly rated, *self-help* organization, my personal evaluation can best be expressed in this manner:

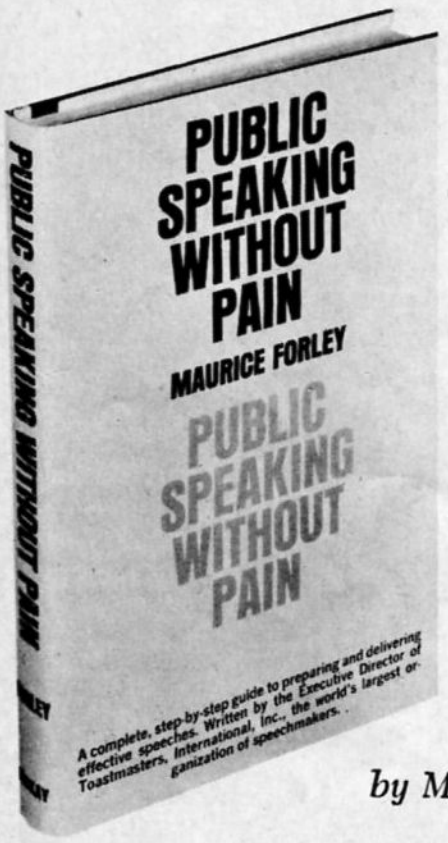
(1) The individual benefits that can be acquired by taking part in club activities are without limit.

(2) There are endless opportunities for gaining *mental maturity* where this lack is evident. And frankly, most of us need a little help on this point.

(3) The art and skills of *listening* with a purpose are greatly increased.

(4) The ability to communicate with other persons begins to improve with the very first meeting – and this skill grows and attains polish with each additional session until business associates and surperiors can only marvel at the progress that is being accomplished.

And all of the foregoing depends entirely upon how much attention, interest and movement the member is willing to pour into his club activities.



A VERY SPECIAL BOOK REVIEW

by Maurice Forley

Would you like to become a more effective speaker? A new book by Maurice Forley, Executive Director of Toastmasters, International, tells you how.

Have you ever been called upon to "say a few words"? And promptly panicked when actually confronted with a group of listeners?

Most of us have, and many of us do come *unglue*d when we have to communicate to associates clearly and forthrightly.

A new book just released - PUBLIC SPEAKING WITHOUT PAIN (David McKay Company, Inc., $3.95) - offers practical, immediate, and specific help to the occasional as well as frequent speaker who wants to improve upon his ability "to say a few words." The author is Maurice Forley, executive director of the largest, oldest, most successful non-profit, nonpartisan organization in the world devoted to public speaking--Toastmasters International, Inc. In PUBLIC SPEAKING WITHOUT PAIN, Mr. Forley shares with the reader the successful experiences of Toastmasters in helping more than a half-a-million persons to become proficient public speakers.

The ability to speak well in public is not confined, says Mr. Forley, to a few. It is an ability that can be learned and mastered. His new book is designed for those men (and women) who do not want to spend time reading lengthy texts on the subject but, instead, wish an easy-to-follow guide to which they can quickly turn in time of need. From how to research a speech to what to wear, from the etiquette of accepting an invitation to coping with those last-minute crises in the question period afterwards, PUBLIC SPEAKING WITHOUT PAIN is a comprehensive examination of the way to go about improving your ability to stand confidently on your feet and speak up. Some of the topics covered include:

How to use fear: most people are scared when they have to speak before a group -- Mr. Forley shows you how to turn fear to your advantage.

How to select a subject: how to apply experience from your everyday life, how to research a subject in a library.

*How to use memory aids and guide*lines, importance of chronological order and time sequence, how to construct a flexible speech that can be cut or extended to allow for last-minute time allowances; how to go about ghost-writing a speech for someone else; how to write a publicity release on a speech.

How to use memory aids and guide lines: the value of abbreviated notes, a written draft or outline; the pro's and con's of memorizing and reading.

How to set the stage: how and when to use visual aids and the different kinds of visual aids that are appropriate; what to wear.

How to handle a question period: advice on having "planted" questions, which questions should not be answered, how to turn off the heckler.

How to employ your voice for better attention from your audience: how and when to alter pace and use inflections, how to control pitch, tone, modulation, accent, and pronunciation.

How to preside at a meeting: a succinct explanation of the basic rules of parliamentary procedure.

How to find an audience if you wish to practice speaking: advice on locating organizations that need speakers, how to approach them, how to sell yourself.

PUBLIC SPEAKING WITHOUT PAIN is an up-to-date guide to better public speaking, geared for the modern speaker with the modern audience. It is a valuable guide to men and women of any profession or walk of life -- the businessman who is called upon to speak at a community meeting, the woman who is asked to report on her trip to Europe, the teacher who wishes to learn how to better hold the attention of her classes, the minister who is concerned with the best presentation of his sermons, the serviceman who is asked to speak about his military experiences to a businessman's club, the young person interested in getting into politics.

FOR A COPY OF THIS BOOK SEND $3.95 TO:
MILLIONAIRE MAGAZINE
2789 LONG BEACH BLVD.
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90806

WATER MELON KING

(*Continued from Page* 15)

mas and several others. The airports were usually marginal, the ranchers all needed a check and the youngsters looked forward to a visit by "The Watermelon King" because it always meant a little present.

As one might suspect, not all of Harrison's flying is routine, "no sweat" transportation. He took off from Nogales late one Saturday afternoon with 30,000 Pesos for the payroll of a ranch just North of Guaymas. Because of unreported headwinds, he arrived over the ranch after dark - and the rancher had already departed for town. After several circles over the pitch-black area, Harrison saw a group of very faint lights that appeared to be bobbing near the main ranch buildings. Finally these dim lights split and formed two distinct lines. The lights were candles and the little Miner's lamps used by "Braceros" in the melon fields. Harrison landed safely between the two dim lines of lights that had been set to outline the runway. "Man, talk about the candle in the window," he grinned later.

One of Harrison's unofficial duties is to serve as a "whale counter" for Dr. Ray Gilmore, PhD, of San Diego. For the past four years, the "Watermelon King" has been sending in his aerial count of the California Grey Whales that calve along the beach at Puenta Yvarnos, between Guaymas and Los Mochis. Recently he reported seeing "Pilot Whales" (half the size of regular Grey Whales) who appeared to be surfing in the breakers. Then they would turn in the shallow water and go back seaward with the same wave. Dr. Gilmore concluded that they were using the sand in shallow water to scrape barnacles from their bodies.

"I'm always beachcombing when I fly along that lonely strip of sand," said Harrison. "I landed there once and was promptly stuck in the sand. Finally, a Caballero came by and we broke his lariat three times trying to pull the plane out of the sand. The tide was coming in, the sun was going down and I was in danger of loosing a good airplane. Fortunately the Mexican horseman went after a "buddy" and the two of them, together with their horses, pulled me to the hard, wet sand where I could take off between waves."

Harrison is a member of the Nogales, Arizona, Civil Air Patrol and has taken part in several searches. When an epidemic of Polio broke out in Guaymas several years ago, he took an hour and a half to deliver a full load of Penicillin to the Mexican resort town. The trip by fast car would have taken six hours.

As the "Watermelon King's" plane finally approached Nogales from the south, Harrison beamed, "This is grand country! There's no place in the world that I know of where two towns get along so well together as Nogales, Arizona and Nogales, Sonora. The 'fence' means nothing. The General Manager of the Banco Nacional in Sonora, Roberto Ariaza, is also President of the Nogales, Arizona, Country Club. Even during Rotary Club meetings, there's a Guard of Honor made up of members of the Sonora Club to honor both flags.

Al Harrison has been named the city's roving ambassador by Craig Pottinger, Publisher of the newspaper 'Nogales International,' and the Nogales Rotary Club. Because of his frequent business trips, he is able to represent the 8,000 residents of Nogales, Arizona, and the 47,000 residents of Nogales, Sonora, to tell the story of the many attractions of this part of the Country.

Recently he took charge of all the arrangements for a 40-plane, 100-person tour of the West Coast of Mexico, as far south as Puerta Villarta, for the popular Aviation Country Club.

"I never have any trouble in Mexico. I usually travel alone and I never carry a gun. Scared - not at all! I'll walk into the middle of a group of field hands with a big 'Buenos Dias, Senores,' a smile and a few cigarettes. They're grand people and I love 'em.

"I suppose it's having faith in the people you know best, and it just happens that I know the Mexicans pretty well."

When it comes around to late spring and your "Millionaire" appitite yearns for a nice, solid, cold watermelon, take a good look at the sparkling melon you purchase. There's a mighty good chance that it carries a sticker saying "Si Senor," and that "Senor" is Al Harrison, "The Watermelon King." ●

THE SNEAK ATTACK

(*Continued from Page* 16)

The only way to counter this type of offensive IS TO GIVE UP WOMEN. But that is not about to happen. At least not for men old-fashioned enough to believe women are still in style. Paradoxically, however, these same remaining males are somehow encouraged to bend over in submissive entrapment and kneel in genital worship before the altar of feminine fascination. The scent of sex that permeates the dilated nostrils of the perspiring male is so potent and disconcerting that man no longer wants to believe what he actually sees. Like the wife caught in bed with her lover. When confronted by her poor schnook husband she pulls the covers up around her neck, peers out from under her fluttering eyelashes and says, "Darling, are you going to believe me or your own eyes,"

So why all the talk about how women need to be protected? How she has to develop her mind in order to compete with men -- as if she wasn't doing all right with what she already has. The only thing a well-developed mind could do for a woman is to make an old maid out of her, with nothing to satisfy her conniving and enterprizing erotica but a couple of cats that sleep at the foot of her bed.

A woman learns early in life about man's transparency and sexual frailties. From the time she gets enough meat on her adolescent bones, she finds out she can shake her prize assets before bug-eyed boys who later grow into men with a rear-end fetish . . . willing to give their all for ONE TOUCH OF VENUS.

The evolving female learns her lessons well as she sets out to make the naive male her own private security plan. By the time she gets through setting up the format for conquest, the bewildered male throws up his hands in complete surrender and groans - "All right, already . . . all right . . . let's get married!" And so they get married! He believes he made the decision by himself and that he now has a sexual dynamo . . and heaven too. But soon the exciting and girating sex-machine starts slowing down in order to catch up on her DESIGNED PLAN FOR LIVING -- as she believes it should be lived. Consequent-

(*Cont. on Page 74*)

ly, the less-romantic looking male, who has swapped in his stud gear for the more sedate husband attire, SITS CROSS-LEGGED IN BED, PRACTICING YOGA FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF EXCESS SEXUAL ENERGY . . . AND CONTEMPLATES HIS NEGLECTED MANHOOD. From this point on the terms of surrender submitted by the victorious ex-maiden are equitably worked out by the small print in the marriage contract that says . . . "Let's compromise - DO IT MY WAY!"

A woman, for the most part, knows by instinct and special training in underground warfare that man's Achilles Heel lies in his incurable sexual curiosity. The ego stimulating relationships for sexually possessing, not just one woman, but many, becomes MAN'S PSYCHIC SIGNATURE as his back gets weaker trying to prove he's a man. It is this obsessive male curiosity for wanting to know "what little girls are made of" and the magnetic attraction of a beckoning behind that gives the fancy females a following and the kind of parade that puts the Pied Piper to shame.

This Mickey Mouse warfare and play-acting between the sexes is very much a comedy of errors where the boundary lines between WHAT IS REAL AND WHAT IS MAKE-BELIEVE are just about impossible to separate. Watching a woman ride the eager stallion, sitting tall in the saddle, chest held high, legs arranged just right, giving the male animal his head for an occasional run - only to jerk him back to a walk when he gits too frisky - is all part of the female espionage operation. This is the kind of deception that not only fools a man - but a woman as well.

Getting a man is not very difficult for most women. It's KEEPING him that's the challenge - and not just keeping him but keeping him CONTENT. Otherwise a woman wins only the privilege of being tolerated, along with the additional responsibility of keeping the polygamous male in his own play-pen. And to the victor belongs the spoils, as well as the promises and actions of the female campaign speeches. This is where the feminine counterfeiter makes her one big mistake - as in all so-called "perfect plans".

(*Continued from Page* 73)

A man may have POOR-SEX RESISTANCE, and will, invariably, buy anything wrapped in a seductive package. But there is one thing he usually is not - and that's a poor businessman. When he buys a pound of flesh he expects value received! It is a business deal women want, and if the marriage transaction does not make a man CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD but reduces him to being merely CHAIRMAN OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE -- the corporation must eventually go broke.

It isn't enough for a woman to rest upon her laurels once the catch is made and having no more need for TENDER TRAPS TO BAIT. And by the same token, the grunts and groans of becoming a mother is no justification for special immunity and nauseating glorification for conflicting motherhood. With no more Prince Charming to envision - sitting on a romantic and viril stallion - but instead, some jerk sitting on a broken-down mule, the female fighter has little to celebrate but a hollow victory.

Unfortunately, this is what usually seems to happen. Human nature has a way of becoming too casual about that which becomes familiar. And so it is with the paradoxical female who engages in the SNEAK ATTACK - wondering if it was worth the efforts that go with subterfuge. It is at this point that the prized state of marriage takes on overtones of deception - with WHO'S DOING WHAT WITH WHOM - and how the marriage contestants manage to fool each other.

Any man who underestimates the ingenious tactics of modern day woman for selling the sex-minded male a bill of goods is either a fool or not so sure about how he feels about himself and about women.

Now . . . THERE'S NOTHING WRONG FOR A MAN TO HAVE A GOOD HEALTHY SEX ATTITUDE TOWARD A WOMAN AND FOR A WOMAN. In fact, it's even URGENT that he fight to preserve this natural instinct and relationship for the sexes. Being modern is one thing, but DECIDING TO SWITCH RATHER THAN FIGHT -- gets awfully confusing at times. Keeping men and women on the same team and in vogue must be the order of the day -- BUT AT WHAT PRICE?

The man most likely to be blitzed by the feminine facade of "Take Me-I'm Yours, Dear", is usually the man about town, the player, the goer, the swinger, and the guy who needs the beautiful gal on his arm for that well-timed entrance. One would imagine that this kind of experience would enable the guy with the broads to be able to separate those women who have something to GIVE from those who must have something to TAKE. It isn't that this type of man is stupid. It's just that he's a man and obviously no match for the SNEAKY SEDUCERS.

As long as man is a sexual animal (an it's unlikely that he will change) a woman knows that all she has to do is to give him a few samples to stimulate his voracious and lascivious appetite and then wait for the hungry male to buy the whole product - and incidentally, he buys it without even getting a guarantee!

Isn't it about time the VANITY OF MAN learns something from history? Or is it that he learns - "the one thing history teaches is that it repeats itself". Does a man have an ego so faltering that he is willing to pay black market prices to PROVE HE'S A MAN? Or, will he have to continue his neurotic and over-emphasized status drive toward becoming a SUCCESS instead of a MAN . . . never knowing which comes first with a woman - his success or himself as a man. Whatever the case may be with many men, one thing must be recognized. MAN CREATES A FEMALE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER - in the laboratory of his vain and distorted ego.

The female of the species, for those who have not yet found it out, is just another sex and worthy of her place in the sun - but not entitled to all of the sun tan. If men keep telling women they have eyes like stars, teeth like pearls, hair like the breath of spring, and a body like a goddess - they are going to believe it . . . and then what? As is, women are getting too big for their scanty breeches and beginning to believe their own press notices, much like the actor who believes he's everything his agent makes others believe his 10% property is.

There's nothing wrong with the romantic approach in the con game between the sexes, but why not tell

women something they can believe. Let a woman know she's exciting, feminine and sexy (if she is) only because a man is around to make her that way. Why not give the male image a break for a change? After all, a woman is only a woman THROUGH THE EYES OF A MAN. So you men who have been nibbling on a few romantic and sexual crumbs can do much better once you realize that the best thing about a woman IS A MAN. Open up your eyes and permit the dependent females to mirror their needs for the part of their lives that give them life. It's a simple thing to do. All that is necessary is to remember that a man is the only way a woman can feel and experience her femaleness.

It behooves man to stand up and be counted . . . now! He must begin to function as if he still had some male hormones left so that a woman can experience the exciting pulsations of her waiting erotica. If this does not occur, men will continue to feel disintegration of female resentment and the full impact of the SNEAK ATTACK -- like someone hit in the butt with a buzzsaw -- wondering which tooth hit first.

Just for the record, however, women are a delight - especially on cold nights. They must be preserved, particularly for the enhancement of a normal society and for the fulfillment of MAN'S DESTINY - of which woman is vital part. But this adult relationship is only for the honest sexuality of the sexes and not for mutations - women who feel like men, and men who reply "which way, dear?" when a woman says jump.

So, men, stop kidding yourselves . . . stop beating your chests in narcissistic glory, believing your little True Blue Nell is YOURS, no matter what! She can be different, of course, even unusual, and not at all like other women. But one thing a man must ununderstand. A woman, even with all man . . . and that's no simple realization. She can be many things to a man these special attributes, is still a woshe never forgets WHO she is and WHAT she wants. She wants from man and marriage an iron-clad security plan - AND SHE USUALLY GETS IT! Those who don't still want it nonetheless, but do not know how to get it. A good male bank balance has a way of bringing out all sorts of romantic love songs. Just ask the guy who bought one of these "canaries". Man must learn how vulnerable he is, become more questioning, qualifying and stop thinking like a walking genital -- that is, if he is to survive and live as a man.

Men who wear the purple heart, awarded in THE BATTLE OF THE MARRIAGE MASQUERADE, should display it openly as a reminder against his weak defenses for the SNEAK ATTACK!

While some people may not agree with Freud and his theory of PENIS ENVY that the fighting females have been trying on for size ever since the industrial revolution, there's one thing the gullible male has to face. Again according to Freud, "the husband is, so to speak, never more than substitute for the beloved man . . . not that man himself."

The effectiveness of women's underground warfare rests firmly on being ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN when the occasion calls for it - knowing men and their FRANTIC FETISHES. The well-fortified female is confident and unafraid. She knows she has a variety of anatomical booby-traps that makes the atomic bomb look like a fire-cracker.

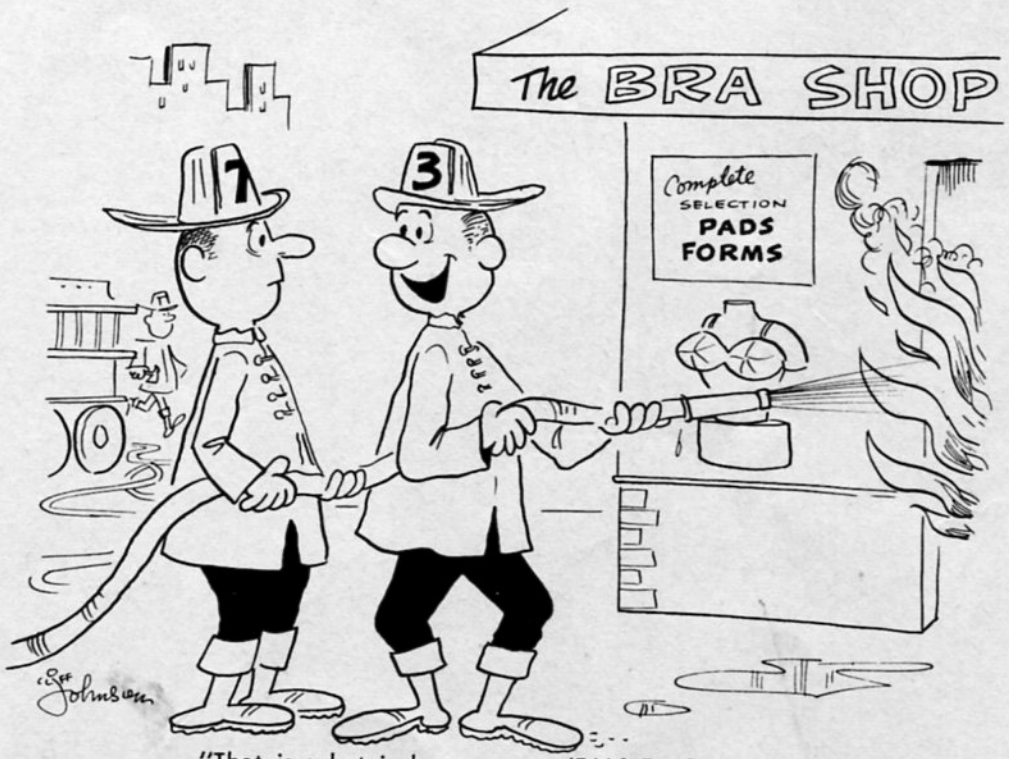
The POWER OF THE POSTERIOR and the well-filled bra runs rough-shod over the emasculated male army - as the female form stands challengingly before MAN'S DROOLING IMAGINATION.

Men have continued to poke fun at their precarious way of life and feel, since he has to die sometime anyway, that this would be a hellava way to go! Nevertheless, one is forced to take a second look at the MAKE-BELIEVE BRAVADO OF THE FRIGHTENED MALE.

Is it that man realizes he has lost his status as a man and does not know what to do about getting it back? Or does he believe he has no problem? That he is still captain of the team? Well, no matter which side of the coin turns up the choice for the DISAPPEARING MALE is a serious one - and no laughing matter.

Actually, the once-upon-a-time man has allowed himself to be suckered into an ambush where he's covered from all sides. On one side, the surreptious sex-snipers are taking their positions for the SNEAK ATTACK -- and on the other side, the QUICK-SANDS OF MARRIAGE are waiting with that innocent look. This is the kind of attack that leaves man lying spread-eagle on his aching back - as the wild horses of the female mind split him right down the middle!

The SNEAK ATTACK may win the war for the FRAUDULENT FEMINISTS -- but what kind of victory is it for a woman who ENDS UP WITH ONLY HALF A MAN? ●



"That is what is known as a 'FALSIE' alarm"

HAIRSTYLING – Status Symbol

1. Joe Nelson being presented a trophy from Sam Russo for his outstanding hairstyling of model Myron, of Myron of Compton.
2. Don King of King's in Redondo Beach with a bevy of bikini beauties on hand to aid with the hairstyling and manicuring.
3. The great "Arturo" winner of many awards and trophies styling your reporters hair at Rothchild's, Beverly Hills.
4. Professor Borden, Actress Britt Nilsson, and Michael Moro presenting the winner of a scholarship to the Kumfort King School of Men's Hair Design, at the 1st International Men's Hairstylist Show in Los Angeles.
5. Michael French, international winner of awards for men's hairstyling, shaping the hair of Rush Marion.
6. Special instruction on Styling Schools such as Kumfort King Inc., help prepare barbers to become stylists.

Used to be that women at a cocktail party often would discuss the hairdresser responsible for their dazzling coiffure. Now at these same parties, men boast of paying $7.50, $10.00, $15.00, even $25.00 to have their hair styled in a barber shop so removed in appearance from an ordinary shop, you wouldn't believe it.

As you enter, you step into a thickly carpeted waiting room where you are greeted by a gorgeous creature you might expect to see in a Beverly Hills Bistro, and she seats you in an overstuffed, swivel rocker-type chair, offers you cigarettes and demi-tasse and you wait patiently for your stylist.

When he is ready, he signals an equally appealing shampoo girl to drape you; she seats you in a contoured, vibrating chair, flips you into a reclining position, and you purr through the entire hair and scalp cleansing process. She smiles you over to your stylist who seats you again, into the same type of chair; he breaks out a razor and with masterful strokes, shapes your hair to suit your face and personality.

At the conclusion of the cut, an array of styling gels, protein mists, hair groom etc. are set before you, the barber (pardon me) Stylist selects the proper styling lotions, prepares your hair and whips out an Air Jet Machine. By the way, the Air Jet Machine resembles an ordinary hand hair dryer, but develops a great velocity of air at intense heat directed through a slotted nozzle. At this point your stylist can make your hair take any shape you or he desires.

Ten minutes after the actual styling starts, you step from the chair refreshed and greatly improved in appearance. No greasy kid look, just natural hair arranged to make you look better.

Wondering why this process wasn't done long ago I went to a Styling Show sponsored by the International Guild of Men's Hairstylists, an organization of men's hairstylist, dedicated to maintaining high standards in the industry. These shows are put on to establish trends in men's hair styles and expose these trends to the barber as well as to the public at large. Television and press coverage are summoned and the big drums of publicity are sounded.

Hundreds of barbers and cosmetologists cove from miles around to witness the proceedings. The best talent in men's hairstyling assembles to compete in contest where the winners receive coveted trophies which identify them as the "Top Stylist".

Many of the stylists, Don King, Michael French, Arturo, Florencio, Sebring, the Russo Bros., Darryle Wilde, have big Hollywood followings, that make some Who's Who rosters pale by comparison.

I decided to take the plunge at Don King's in Redondo Beach. As you can see by the pictures I thorcughly enjoyed the treatment---and incidentally, the styling turned out well, too.

"The grooming business is the sixth ranking business in the country" states Michael David Moro, Educational Director of Kumfort King Inc., a firm responsible for changing the face of the barbering business. "The area of the grooming business directed to women, represents 85% of the total business done and we at Kumfort King are working to alter these statistics so that the barber comes up with a greater percentage of the business."

Having developed a special technique in the use of the Air Jet Machine, writing a book on the subject and developing training films, besides training hundreds of stylists on Kumfort King chairs, Mr. Moro is proud of the fact that many barbers have substantially increased their incomes to the point where they were able to afford, and establish plush, Kumfort King designed shops.

Alex Stern, one of the leading suppliers of barber and beauty aids, who's business has zoomed skyward since the advent of the stylists, says, The old dash of hair oil and quick splash of after shave lotion leaves much to be desired in the well groomed modern man. Men are coming to understand that they each have individual grooming needs that must be catered to." ●

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ON US! ....

GIVE HIM THIS . . .

Kumfort King

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AND SOON, You can be relaxing more than ever as the built-in PULSATOR of this Fabulous chair gently massages your aching back and tired legs while your hair is shaped to perfection and styled.

AND WHEN YOU RECLINE for a face massage or shampoo, it takes you to another world of soothing rest.

FORGET BUSINESS — THINK BLONDE!

Though the Blonde doesn't go with the chair, if your barber buys 20 chairs we'll see what we can do.

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KUMFORT KING

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(Any Barber may enter his **own** name)

Your Favorite Barber:

Name_____

Address_____

Phone_____

DOES HE DO **AIR JET STYLING** FOR MEN?

☐ YES ☐ NO

YOUR NAME_____

Winner to be drawn by **Mr. Jack E. Tummino** President, California State Association of Barbers and Beauticians. Winner announced in Dec. Issue.

Date_____

WORLD'S SEXIEST MILLIONAIRE (continued from page 29)

The only other negative note today in Sophia Loren's life is the fuss she's having trying to be legally married to hubby Carlo Ponti who recently took out French citizenship in an effort to avoid bigamy charges against him in his native Italy and to marry Sophia legally. His Mexican divorce and marriage to Sophia have never been recognized in Italy where such matters are closely supervised by the state.

All this has thrown a blight on Sophia's happy relationship with Carlo, a man much older than herself but whom she adores with ferocity. She told an interviewer once: "I can see no faults in Carlo at all. Sometimes I get mad at him--you can't believe how mad. I scream. I yell. But with Carlo that's useless. His reaction is to laugh hard. The more I yell, the more he laughs. What can you do with a man like that? You love him to death. That's why we never quarrel. Carlo has taught me the truly important things, both for a woman and a actress. He has taught me everyday things, even etiquette. When he first knew me I was nervous and tense. I smoked too much and drove a car like a madwoman. Perhaps I was insecure. Carlo taught me to smile, always smile. That advice has helped me enormously."

Although some Italians barbarously point out that Carlo Ponti (age 54) is twice as old as Sophia and only half as tall, he has done much to shape her career and her personal self as she is today. But she still remains essentially the same uncomplicated girl she always was. She has a nutty sense of humor, she never goes to the beauty parlor, she is constantly polishing her pronunciation of English, she prefers to be a listener in social gatherings rather than a talker, she loves spaghetti and eats it by the ton, she likes to have dinner in bed and watch television after a hard day's work (also in bed), she likes to play popular music on her taperecorder (especially Ella Fitzgerald records), she thinks her hands are too big and her feet much too big, she likes her pizza fried and not oven-baked and she prefers to make it herself, she admires celebs like Bette Davis, and she loves to gamble.

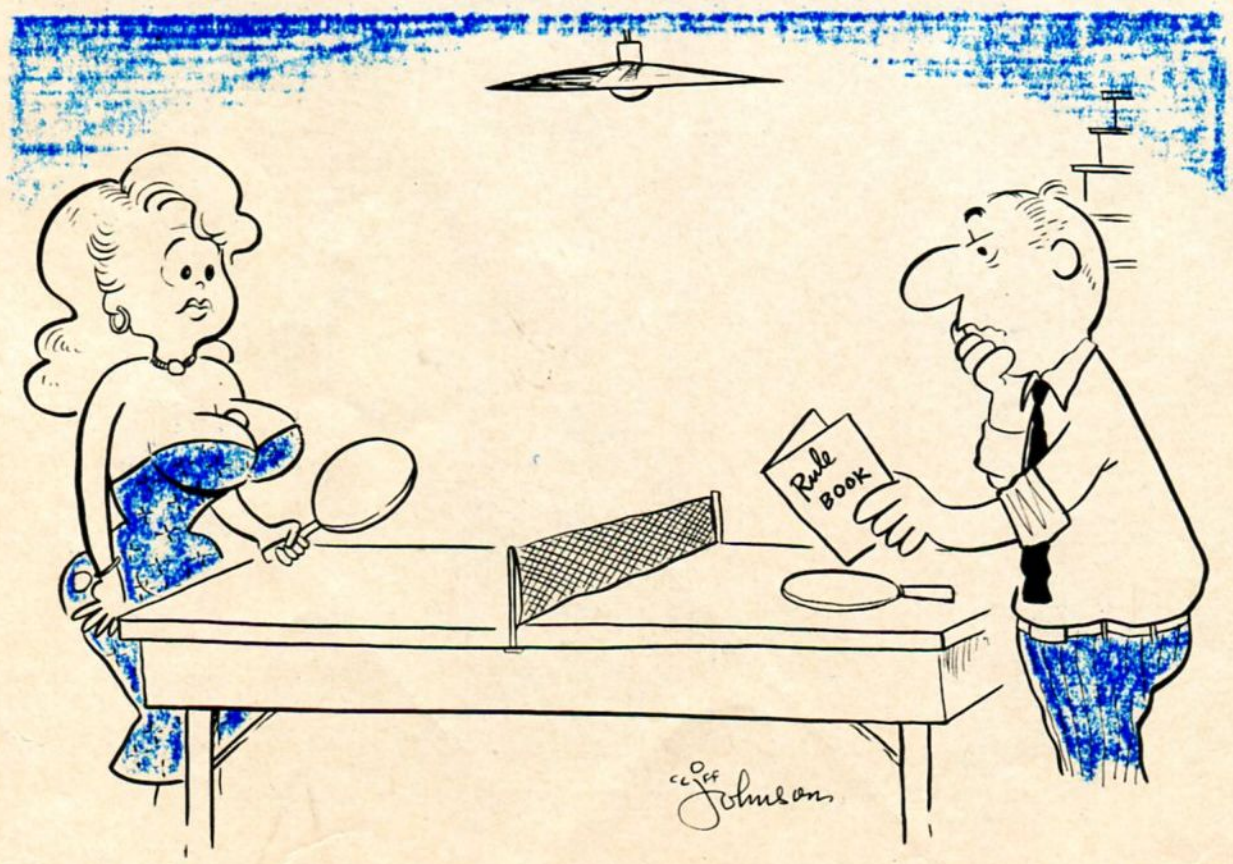
Mostly she gambles when there's a break in the filming. Sophia is most eager to engage anybody she can in a Poker game. She always carries her own deck of cards which she whips out with flourish and announces: "Poker, anybody?" In playing Poker, Sophia makes one basic mistake all the time, which is why she invariably ends up losing a few hundred dollars during every picture. After she bluffs someone out of a pot, she likes to show her hand and make a big thing out of having hoodwinked her opponent--who, next time, is not going to be bluffed again.

Although everybody is now wise to her "bluff" style of play, Sophia nevertheless has an uncanny knack for drawing full-houses, flushes and straights on the deal. Not long ago, during the filming of "Marriage Italian Style," Sophia was on a winning streak, copping one pot after another. Whenever she's winning she likes to tell one joke after another and kid around like mad. On this one particular day she was playing with two electricians and still-photographer Tazio Secchiaroli, and in one deal the showdown for the pot came between her and Tazio.

Tazio had a pair of kings and Sophia only had a pair of jacks. After betting and raising and betting some more, Tazio finally showed his kings. Sophia threw down the jacks and announced she had two pair as she raked in the money.

"Wait a minute, Signora!" objected Tazio. "What do you mean, two pair? I only see a pair of jacks. What's the other pair?"

"A pair of aces!" snapped Sophia with a chuckle, suddenly thrusting back her shoulders and sticking her fabulous chest way, way out.



THE BEETLE & THE ANT

Continued from Page 71

cats dig our sound. You dig me ant? Now I like you man, even tho you are the squarest, and I could make an opening for you in my combo, and you'd be set for the rest of the ride. But let's face it, you've just gotta get back in the old ant-race, don't you? The way me and the boys are coining it now we're in the top 10% tax wise, dig? Well I'm going to solve your problems as a tax write-off. So you worked hard for 15 years," he repeated. "And with this three grand you'll be able to work just as hard for the next 15?"

The ant's blinking red-rimmed eyes lit up.

"Yes," he said hopefully. "Yes, yes, oh yes."

"Then for all I care," the beetle replied, "you can work 15 more."

And he wrote him a check for the three grand, and skittered away to a group of cute little bug-chicks before the ant could even thank him. Which proves, every ant to his own poison.

OUR MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from Page 23

A champange party was held after the film in the lobby of the theatre.

Famed Hollywood columnist Army Archerd and T. V. star Lorne Greene M.C.'d the occasion for television viewers.

The Los Angeles Chapter of the American Cancer Society profited by a sum better than $100,000 at this $100 a seat premiere.

In contrast to the beautiful weather we had for all of the forementioned events, on a rain drenched evening I went to the premiere of a real two fisted, he-man film, "In Harm's Way," a picture by Otto Preminger, and released by Paramount Pictures.

Kirk Douglas, from the cast of "In Harm's Way" headed an important contingent of film luminaries who braved the storm for the glittering occasion. They included Gardner McKay, Aldo Ray, Troy Donahue ,Carolyn Jones, Edward G. Robinson, John Saxon, and Red Buttons.

The black-tie affair was televised and durable Army Archerd acted as master of ceremonies.

A champagne party was held in the upper lobby after the film and the Commander Cruiser-Destroyer Force Pacific Navy Band played in the lobby to add excitement to the premiere festivities.

High Navy officials including Admirals of the Pacific Fleet were on hand this night and being ex-Navy I had to stifle the desire to salute every few minutes.

Well to finish off the round of events we must add the "night that was," Acadamey Awards night, the night that handed the world to some and shattered the dreams of others.

Much to my delight and prediction, Rex Harrison won the oscar for "Best Actor" for his portrayal of Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady".

The very cooperative Julie Andrews took home the oscar "Best Actress" for the movie "Mary Poppins", and all this for her very first part in a motion picture. I'd like to add that Julie was paid $125,000 for her job in "Mary Poppins", and the day after the awards, she started a picture called "Hawaii" for the tidy sum of $700,000. It makes you wonder. Are the Oscars really worth sweating blood for? -- "HELL YES."

Tony Quinn happy for Lila Kedroua who just won best supporting actress for "Zorba the Greek"

Handsome Rock Hudson escourting beautiful Claudia Cardinale to the party, after the awards

The award that gave me a happy feeling for a wonderful, appreciative and deserving person was the oscar for "Best Director" won by George Cukor, five times nominated but this was the first time he won it.

By now everyone knows about the winners but a most interesting sidelight of the awards were the reactions of the losers, Tony Quinn although co-operative to the press, scowled and looked mean enough to eat a keg of nails.

Audrey Hepburn, expecting but not even nominated this year, was mellow and warm, not staying long after the affair, to return to Madrid.

Debbie Reynolds, a loser but never letting the public realize it by her whimsical manner.

Agnes Moorehead a highly touted favorite - but missing out where it counts.

Lila Kedrove unknown to the United States, and in her first English speaking picture, "Zorba the Greek," winning for the best supporting actress.

Yes, the Oscar Derby, a highly prized possession, with the winner taking all, reaping higher salaries, more offers from producers, and reams of publicity to keep the public wanting them. ●

"No, the coins I need isn't for that they have a slot machine in there!"

COMING...

Millionaire
PARTIES WITH WILLIAM ROTSLER

In coming issues, MILLIONAIRE Magazine and William Rotsler will show you how to truly live like a millionaire with a series of parties, events and special photographic spreads like nothing you've ever seen before!

MILLIONAIRE will take you to a modern day reconstruction of a lush, exotic harem, filled with the voluptuous harem girls that populate every man's dream world.

MILLIONAIRE will go traveling, with the beautiful companions that you yourself would choose if you were a millionaire. MILLIONAIRE will go on camping trips and boat parties--each with a special flavor, a special twist. You will go with people that will delight you to places that will excite you.

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Watch MILLIONAIRE MAGAZINE swing! You are cordially invited! ●

DIXIE FITZGERALD & ROTSLER

WILLIAM ROTSLER

William Rotsler is a rare breed of cat. He's an artist with a camera, not a "picture-taker" only. And he has fun. "If it isn't fun, I just ain't gonna do it," he says. "Life is too short. Glamour photography can be fun, even when it's hard work. You never mind working hard if you like what you are doing."

Rotsler brings to photography a background in art equaled by few if any photographers today. After art school he became a nationally known sculptor whose work appeared in gal-

DONNA HANNABERRY & BONNIE DEW BERRY

JACKIE DEWETT

COLETTE BERNE'

LEIGH SANDY

CATHY CROWFOOT

leries and museums across the nation. He created *six thousand* pieces of original work in bronze and iron, which, as he says, "if it isn't quality it sure is quantity!"

But photography became his Great Love and photographing beautiful women became his forte. Mood is the greatest single factor in the creation of his exciting photographs. "When you have properly set the mood you desire, whether it be fun or fantasy, seductive quietude or wild abandon, everything else will fall into place."

The spirit of fun and fantasy most certainly fills every frame of Rotsler's distinctly different photos. He has become very well known for his delightful and sensuous "party" photographs,

(continued on page 95)

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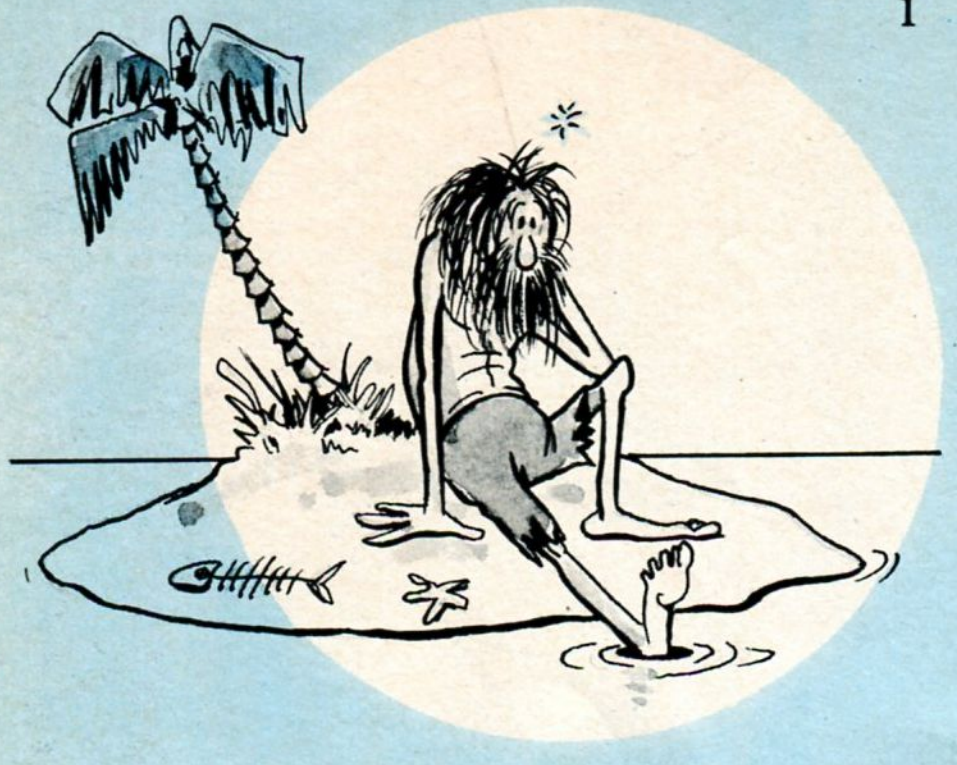

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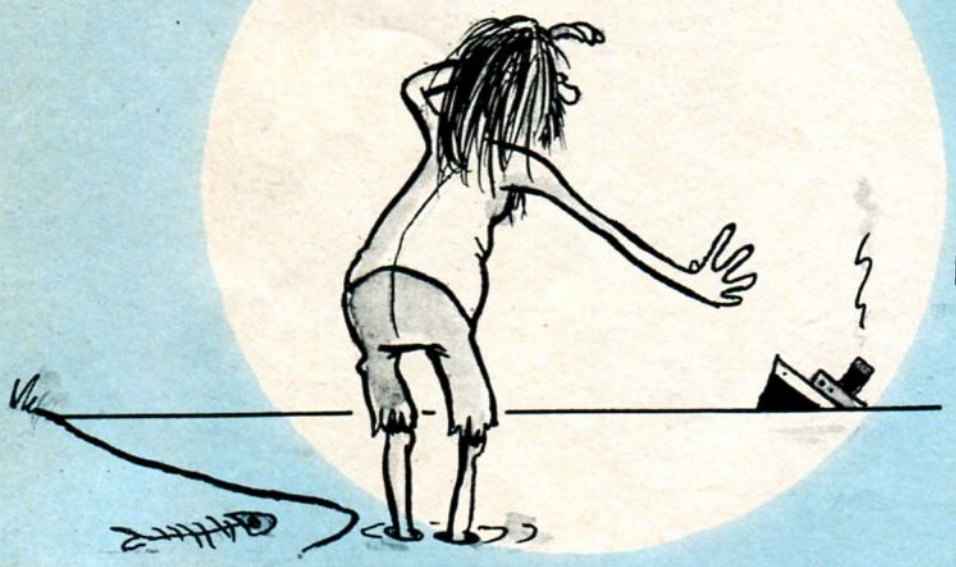

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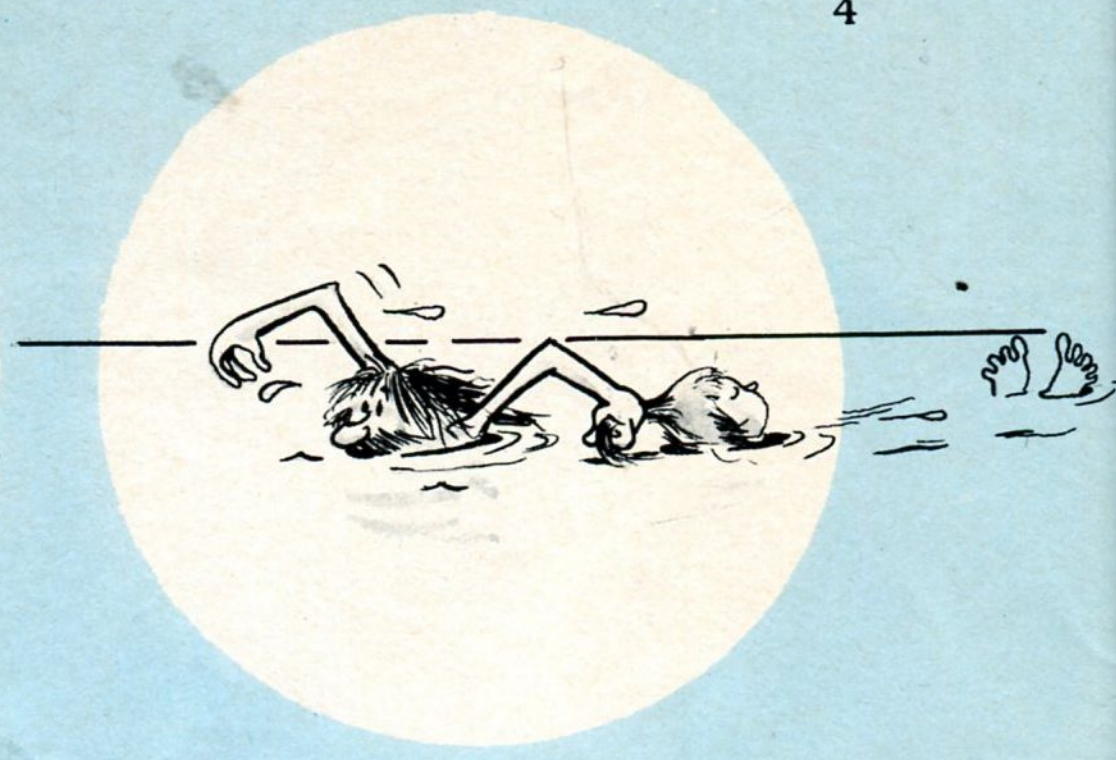

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BEWARE OF

I accuse the WATUSI of being an insidious Russian plot to destroy the procreative capability of the American public. I know, you heard the same thing about the TWIST. Well, this is different and I'll explain why.

When the TWIST first appeared on the American scene, the basic mating process was threatened with extinction due to the amount of physical effort required by the dance. It reached the point where couples, after a night of TWISTING, would retire to their beds in complete exhaustion without participating in their conjugal sport of undercover calisthenics. While the Russians gloated, American business fell into a slump. The sale of kingsized beds and dual control electric blankets fell way off. Dr. Spock filed for bankruptcy. Japan and India sent representatives to study this new form of birth control while the Vatican sent a letter of protest. To combat this Russian plot, the President instituted a program of physical fitness. Advertising agencies started pushing the slender physically fit look. Flat-chested women were once again considered sexy. Even the poor were socially acceptable. Their slimness was attributed to patriotism, not poverty. America bursting with excess energy, now found the TWIST to be relaxation time. It became a pleasant respite to which lovers danced while building up strength for their next assault on the alter of love. While America was once again enjoying a Bullish market, the Russians were working overtime to find other means of speeding up our procreative destruction. One night, they found the answer.

On a particularly cold Moscow night, a frustrated African exchange student on his way home from class stepped on a large tack, and being barefoot, it smarted. That did it! He didn't mind being underpaid, overworked and discriminated against. He knew all this was in preparation for his visit to America. What he did mind, though, was that he couldn't play his stereophonic high fidelity Beatle records or wear his autographed Ringo Starr Wig made of genuine human hair with lanolin added. All the anger, resentment and hostility that had been lying in his heart came to the surface as the tack penetrated ever deeper into his underdeveloped frostbitten foot. The student hobbled over to the Kremlin wall and proceeded, without benefit of music or union card, to do the "I'm cold and frostbitten, stepped on a tack, I want to

wear my genuine autographed Ringo Starr Wig" dance. It was a frightening display of leaps, bounds, gestures, (some obscene) and bonecracking undulations that would have delighted the heart of a chiropractor.

The Kremlin guards, in an effort to appease the outraged protester, threw a naked nymphomaniac with a large heaving bosom at the agitated African's feet. This, they figured, would take his mind off his dance of protest. One of the Commissars inside the Kremlin, hearing the ruckus created by the student, came to the wall to see what was going on. He reached the wall in time to see the girl land at the student's impaled dancing feet.....and horrors or horrors.....to see the African completely ignore her! He heard her plead with the African to take her to his warm bed....Nothing! She told him that some of her best friends are agitated Africans, but still he ignored her. (No! He's not a .....he just digs flat-chested women. As I said earlier, he's from an underdeveloped nation.)

The Commissar was shocked that anyone could ignore or resist the magnificently exposed charms of this beautiful young nymph. He watched for a while, drooled for a while, and then had a brilliant idea that sent chills running down his spine. Voila....An answer to the American problem had been found. The elated Commissar magnanimously invited the half frozen young woman into the Kremlin to thaw out. He was also about to invite the student into the Kremlin to explain his problem, but then the Commissar took another look at the heaving bosom of the girl. He changed his mind and paternally advised the protesting student to go home, nurse his injured foot and get some rest. They could talk tomorrow morning.....late morning.....

The next day a procession of newlyweds entered the Kremlin arm in arm. Later that day, they were seen leaving the Kremlin arm in arm, boys with boys and girls with girls. The student was given the Order of Lenin and ordered to defect to America where he was to introduce his dance of protest, now known as the WATUSI in honor of his tribe. The lovely girl with the large heaving bosom was appointed official mattress tester to the Kremlin.

This then is how the WATUSI came into being. How is the WATUSI done and why is it more dangerous than the TWIST?

The WATUSI is a dance that involves hip swinging to the right while the shoulders go to the left while the bosom or chest goes backward while the back goes forward, while the eyes roll counterclockwise and the feet remain implanted on the ground. Once in a while, to prove one's ability to create new steps, the dancer is permitted to hop up and down. This is not encouraged though, as this leads to dangerous deviations, such as touching one's partner, assuming, of course, you remember who your partner is.

This is the fatal beauty of this dance. Physical contact of any kind is strictly prohibited. To enforce this rule, a man during each dance, constantly wades through the shuffling, grunting and gesticulating herd, ever on the alert for violations. Unlike the TWIST, where contact and conversation are encouraged between the two sexes, the WATUSI firmly discourages it. Because physical contact and conversation are prohibited, more and more members of the same sex are seen dancing together. Without the physical contact normally found in dancing, the youth of today is hard pressed to know the pleasant differences between the two sexes. It's reached the point where we now have three sexes, MALE, FEMALE, AND WATUSIALE!!

To resolve this problem, Congress should be convened with the purpose of having the WATUSI banned. To avoid charges of racial discrimination, have the WATUSI tribe made honorary citizens with increased foreign aid. I also recommend the elimination of Daylight Savings Time. M

BY MORRIS M CHAPNICK

THE WATUSI!

IS AMERICA GOING BANKRUPT?

Versatile writer in the field of economics and business analyst, V. P. Brun, believes that we are. To support his serious contention, he has been collecting pertinent data for the past twenty-five years, with the results of his extensive research project now condensed into a handy, easily read paperback.

Title of the new book is, THE GREAT AMERICAN FREEDOM SWINDLE. It is being published by MILLIONAIRE PRESS of Long Beach. With clear, incisive text, graphic charts and restrained invective, the author castigates political nostrums that claim to be "*spending us rich.*" The bitter fallacy of this oddball theory is revealed when it is made crystal clear to the reader that for every "free" dollar he receives from government — and that means local, state, or national — a chip knocked off the solid block of the original freedoms granted to us by our revered Constitution and our even more sacred Bill of Rights.

Statistics that would seem dull in less capable hands, spring to life in this forthright search of the political practices that are greasing the skids to oblivion of our vaunted business empire. Should you be one of the twenty five million persons in this nation who still believes in the validity of our basic freedoms, you will want this immensely valuable book, first for information and later for reference as our trusted dollar rushes toward total collapse. You can order your copy now direct from the publisher for only $2.00. It will be mailed to you the same day we receive your instructions, carrying charges prepaid. SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO QUANTITY BUYERS.

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TREASURE HUNTERS

MAKE THE SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF WOMEN

Treasure Hunters Ltd. recently celebrated its second birthday, and received a really special present, an Island of Women. And *these* booties will be filled by the most gorgeous dolls in the hemisphere, the world-famous Treasure Hunter Gold-Diggers. For the past two years the club has been working full-time to discover the Ultimate Site for adventure and vacations. Much time, expense, and travel has been expended, and the result has been successful . . . Isla Mujeres off the Yucatan coast of Mexico.

There are thousands of fabulous vacation areas in Central America and the Caribbean, but only the best would do for Treasure Hunters. It must be a mecca for the archaeologist, historian, writer, artist, camera bug, girl-watcher, and just plain old lazy bums. Treasure Hunters found it.

Isla Mujeres, reached by mail boat, is a very small island off the easternmost tip of the Yucatan Peninsula. Relatively unknown to the general public, it is chosen for its beauty and excellent waters. It was dubbed "Island of Women" because in the time of the Spanish conquest erotic statues of women were found in a Mayan Temple that still stands at the north end of the island.

In the old days Isla Mujeres was a thriving pirate station, where the buccaneers would wait in ambush as slow-moving Spanish galleons, weighted down with Peruvian gold.

This is one of the very few beautiful islands left (within striking distance of the U.S.) that hasn't yet become *touristized.* It is rumored that an airport is on the drawing boards now.

We could tell you in detail all about the island's skindiving, hunting, fishing, and beautiful girls. However, let's keep it simple. Do you desire the greatest vacation of your life? Do you wish to be surrounded by beautiful girls, and handsome men who think like millionaires? Get in touch with Treasure Hunters immediately. If you've written previously, you'll be receiving the club's new brochure at about the same time as you pick up this issue of Millionaire.

Arrangements are in the oven for all those participating to join up at three locations: West coast area at Los Angeles; Mid-West area at New Orleans; and Eastern states at Miami. When flights arrive at Merida, Mexico, groups will be picked up by chartered, air-conditioned buses and driven 200 miles to Puerto Juarez. A chartered boat will transport members to Isla Mujeres and the Posada Del Mar Hotel. And then you'll be in for one, two, or three weeks of the most joy you've ever had.

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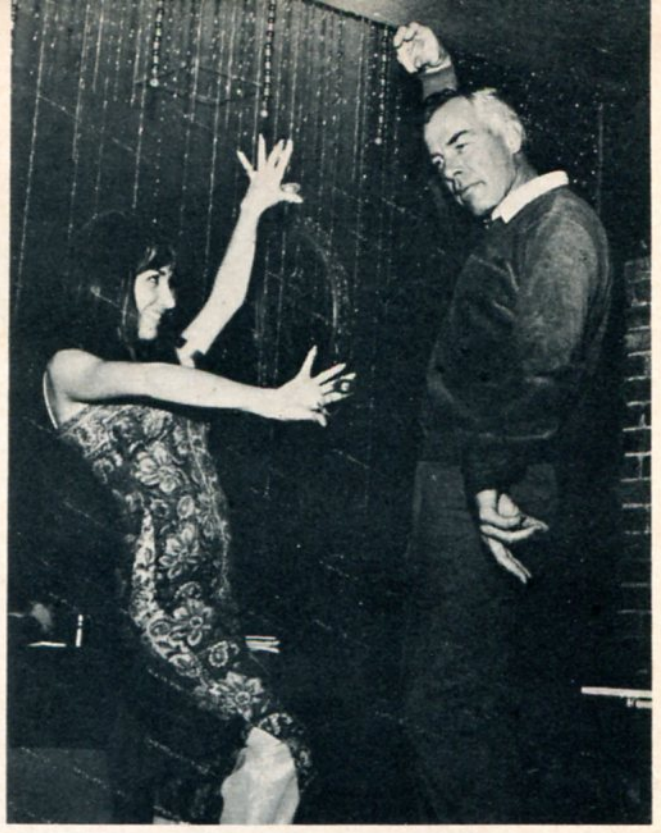
Mickey Hargitary and Lela

MILLIONAIRE VISITS THE SEVENTH VEIL

Story By E. FURIA
Photos By L. FURIA



Lee Marvin and Lela Note serious look on Lee's face

Hollywood's only nightery featuring unforgetable delicious "Slush-Kebeb," by gourmet chef, "Mama Bagdaliou," is where sweet, young "Lela," glamourously displaying Egyptian coin studded costumes and entertains you with a fabulous belly dance, accompanied by old tunes of old world instruments. The "Seventh Veil" is Hollywood's *only* Armenian Night Club.

The dance is an identical version of Salome's presentment to Herod during gay hours of the fatal night's revelry, "The Feast of Belshazzar," when suddenly, Babylon fell to Cyrus.

In those days dancing was not considered an art, but an irrepressible rhythmic hilarity, expressing joyfullness - thus, "Lela," with all muscles in rhythmic action, portrays to you in her "Belly Dance." She also teaches this dance privately, but recently, Actor Mickey Hargitay (Health Food - Muscle Man Giant) on a dare, to little "Lela," picturized a riotously comical lesson at the club.

Actors Lee Marvin, Hugh O'Brian, and many others, all join the unusual entertainment and fascinating "Middle Eastern" atmosphere at the "Seventh Veil."

—Modern Salome — Sweet Lela

How To Create The Big Idea

By Howard Hill

Your ability to create IDEAS is the greatest single power you possess. How to use this power to the full extent of your abilities for profit, for life enrichment and for fun is fully explained in twelve short, powerful chapters. The author has pointed the way to real, constructive and profitable idea building techniques in concise, clearly written instructions and has summarized the directions in outline form so that all of the creative processes can be followed easily and quickly. It can become your accurate guide to personal creativity — a real **treasure map** that can point the way to wealth, success and happiness. When you order this booklet be sure and ask for your free copy of the valuable 8½x14 wall chart, printed on heavy ledger stock of the author's 36 WAYS TO POINT UP YOUR PERSONAL SUCCESS AND DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM — a yardstick to measure personal achievement.

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EDITORS NOTE:
This book came to my attention long before I met Mr. Hill. Seeing the need for this book for Millionaire readers, Mr. Hill consented to give Millionaire publishing rights. And also write an article each issue. Mr. Hill is now our Assistant Editor. And we also offer this book FREE with each subscription.

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MILLIONAIRE ITALIAN STYLE

NON DEVE ESSERE UN MILLIONARIO SOLTANTO PENSAR COSI

Located in Tirrenia, one hundred and fifty miles north of Rome in the heart of Tuscuny, is Studio B. This little Italian city has become very much American with a staff of photographers, producers, script writers, and movie technicians. Among others are actors and actresses—very much American also.

Among the hustle and excitement, Eric N. Bass supervises the newest international venture of Millionaire Magazine. The script has been finished, sets have been erected, and the cast of "Millionaire Horizons" are being selected. Millionaire Magazine has become the rage of Italy, and more people are learning English as the Italian Ambassador scratches his head and wonders about "Millionaire."

"It may sound like a dream," Eric says in a very much American voice, "But this new production will make millions." This is a very energetic young man, who in his spare time, also promotes "Millionaire Horizons," our hotel movement, and our Italian imports including some of our top show girls which he is placing in our shows. He also has the Italian Franchise for Millionairess Charm and Modeling Schools. "Thirty-one million, one hundred and seventy-five thousand lire only amounts to fifty thousand American dollars," Eric reasons as he figures the exchange from lire to American money, "Soon I may be interested in "Millionaire" Ventures for Switzerland and Austria. But wait until I get Italy under control."

You have the story of "Millionaire' in Italy. Eric Bass is already one of the top photographers in Italy, and has a large staff of photographers and technicians working in his Studio B, specializing in commercial advertising and promotional work. Some of the

"Eric has arrived - with Millionaire," goes the banners as Eric Bass takes over the operation of "Millionaire" in Italy

top television productions are produced by Studio B.

"I owe a lot of my success to Carlo Ponti, owner of Pisorno Studio, and husband of Sofia Loren." Eric said as he negotiated with Millionaire Magazine for Millionaire Enterprizes in Italy.

Eric Bass spent six weeks in the United States learning the complex operation of "Millionaire". Some of his Editorials and his Italian ventures of movie productions and other activities will appear in the English version of Millionaire. So will our American stories be translated in the Italian editions of "Millionaire". "*Millionairo,* is the word for "Millionaire" in Italian," said Eric.

(*Non deve essere un Millionairo— soltanto pensar cosi*) (*You don't have to be a Millionaire— just think like one*").

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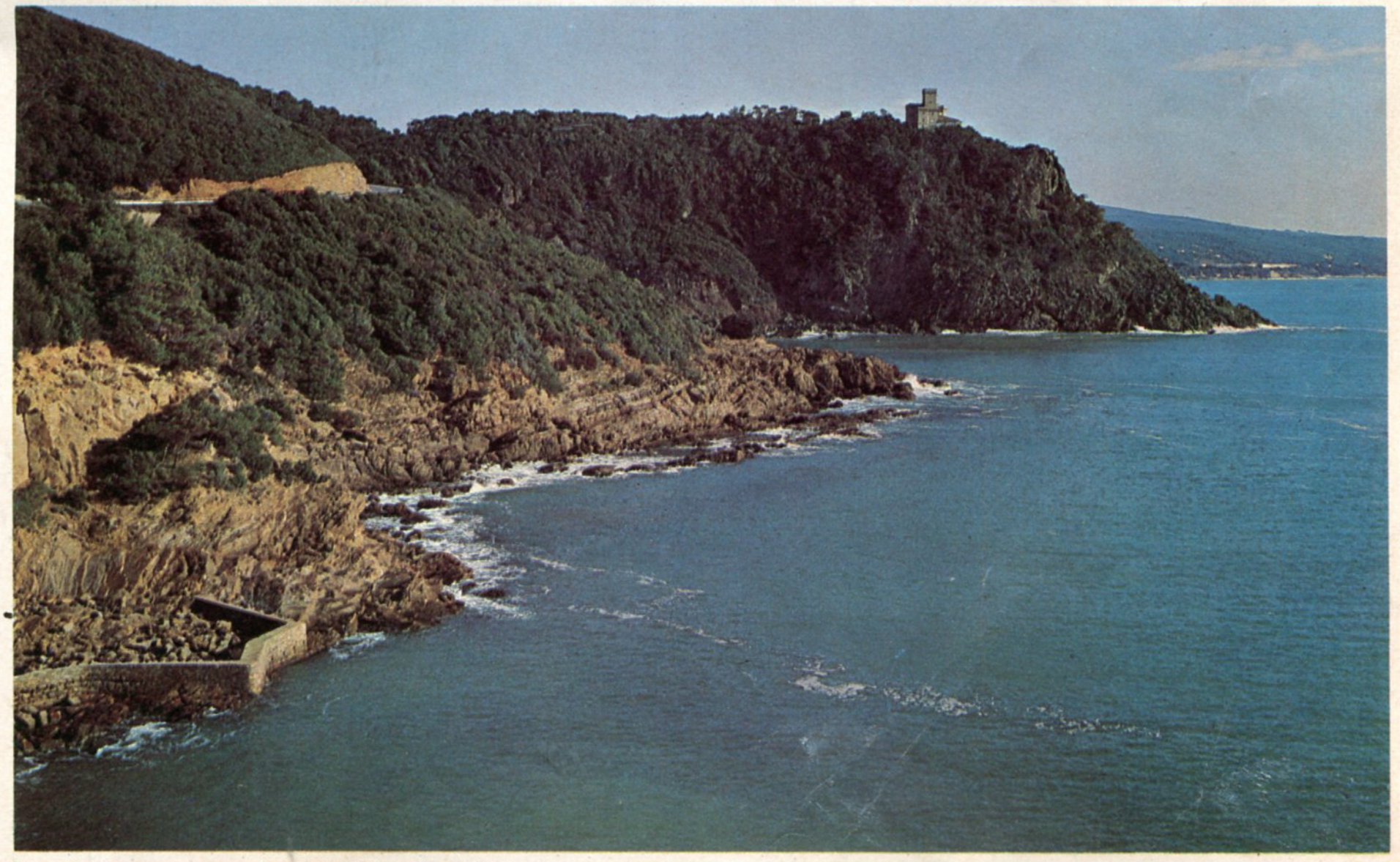
Rome—Playground for the "Millionaire Jet Set"

The Italian "Millionaire" Villa



One of the natural sets for the forthcoming "Millionaire" film

HASHISH SMOKE

(fiction) by John D. Keefauver

Reassuring, he thought, those engines, those big powerful fellows flying him away from Tangier and Monique. Powerful, like himself, his fullback shoulders had easily broken down that hotel door in time to catch her, the slutty thief.

His chuckles spilled into the darkened Nice-bound plane; his whole body turned toward the firey engines. Yeah, he had pulled a fast one on Monique. Her locking him in his hotel room bath like that, snatching the plane ticket and money out of his pants pocket. She should have known he could break down that door. He hadn't played pro ball during the forties for nothing. He'd caught her before she could get out of the room, wrestled the ticket and his dough away from her, plus a little of her own green stuff. She deserved it. She should have known better than to try and cross him up. And damn her -- she'd caused him to wrench his back during the tussle.

Well, maybe he had been treating her pretty rough the last few days, slapping her around a little. After all, he was a heavy equipment salesman, not an actor. She'd kept nagging him about when they were going to leave Tangier for the Riviera. So it was his fault, he had told her they were going; so it was a lie; so it was simply part of the play; so what? Then he'd pulled that dumb one and told her he'd bought the plane tickets. Of course, he never could show them to her when she kept asking to see 'em. Hell, he'd only bought one, and it wasn't for her. That's when she had really begun to smell a rat. That was when even his money and the hashish it bought failed to melt her suspicions away.

Naturally, it was his money all along. Even from the first, that afternoon when he'd met her -- long-lashed, sultry, silent -- in that Tangier side-walk cafe, it was his wad of bills that had won her over. That, and the hashish. He supplied the money, she knew where to buy the stuff, and they'd smoked it together in her pipe.

He'd never smoked the stuff until he'd got it from Monique. It made him giddy and giggly and, later, very sleepy. It also gave him the damnest dreams, very vivid, very coherent, often very nice -- although for some screwy reason he could never turn his head in hashish dreams.

He was still smiling as the plane engines pulled him toward Nice. He and Monique had been in his hotel suite only a few hours ago smoking the stuff. She had been giving him holy hell about when they were going to go to the Riviera. She didn't know it, but he was leaving for there --Nice -- in a few hours -- alone -- as soon as he could get rid of her. He wasn't listening to her, he was sleepy, the hashish was really working on him. He'd gotten off the sofa, put the pipe down, and weaved through the smoke-thick hotel room to the bath. He was wearing a dressing gown. That's when she'd locked him inside and gone through his pockets. He'd fooled her, though, he chuckled; he'd broken through the door. But he'd wrenched his back when he'd struggled with her, it still hurt him, and now he once again had to turn his whole body to watch the firey plane engines. He sniffed. He could still smell the hashish smoke in the hotel room; it was almost as if he was still smoking.

He was still smoking when Tangier firemen broke into his hotel suite, his dressing gown the color of coal. Accidental death, they called it; falling asleep while smoking, they reported. They didn't know about Monique. She was on a plane now, the plane he was supposed to take; she was counting his money. It had been easy; he had mumbled something about going to the bath; he'd never made it; he'd fallen asleep on the sofa instead.

She had simply put a lit match on the sofa where his burning hashish pipe would have fallen if it had slipped out of his mouth as he dreamed the dream that had put him on a Nice-bound plane. She'd taken the pipe, of course. She'd need it when she got to the Riviera. So many nice rich men there, she was thinking as she listened to the engines, the reassuring, powerful purr.

HUSBAND AND LOVER

By Johnny Bogan

His wife died, and the funeral was set. Everbody was there, husband, relatives, friends, and even — if we must speak of the living before death, her lover also.

The husband was a nice guy. And being a nice guy, not wanting to make a scene, and cause a disturbance in his happy home, had known about his wifes lover for several years. At the funeral, the husband was composed, and in silent mourning, he seemed to be taking the whole affair in a manner usually acceptable to a man just losing a woman whom he had been married to for twenty-five years.

But, her lover was in deep mourning, he was so upset he looked as if he were cracking up. Everybody seemed so sorry for the poor fellow.

The husband being the nice guy he was, walked over to the lover, and and gently patting him on the shoulder, and with a great amount of compassion said, 'Don't take it so badly fella, I'll marry again."

Blond vs Redhead

by Joe Bardo

In the age of competition in which we now live, peole, nations, and animals are always in strong competition with each other. Man's preference in beauty, colors, taste, likes and dislikes, may vary greatly, so we decided to take two girls with similar backgrounds, goals in life, playing in the same motion picture, but with one definite difference---BLONDE Vs. RED-HEAD.....

Blonde, statuesque Chris Carrol on the Hollywood scene only fourteen monthes already finished a featured part in a motion picture and is starting another in late July. She has aspirations of doing well in films and television. She holds extensive background of drama schools and little theatres and is started in the right direction with a fine start.

Chris stacks up to the measurements of 36-23-36 while our neat little package with the red hair goes to the tape at 37-21-35½ or a total of 95 inches verses 93½ inches, so to speak.

Our "Titan-haired" entry has the "sexciting" singular name of Margolynn. She has about the same backgrounds as our Chris and is sought after by producers and directors for more parts in films.

Men, you have the facts! Which do you prefer, blonde or red-head??????

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"You didn't tell my wife I was going on parole tomorrow, did you, old pal?"

"Thanks for a wonderful time, Margaret . . . er, Madelyn? . . . Marsha? . . . "

"Why, hi there, Monica – no hard feelings?"

Miss California, Francine Herrach in gown designed by Walt Emeson.

Jayne Mansfield presenting Walt Emeson as "outstanding fashion designer 1964."

Mayor and Mrs. Sam Yorty presenting Walt Emeson the official award by the fashion councils, "The Outstanding Designer of the Year".

THE MAN Who Dresses THE WOMEN

Walt Emeson

You'll find Walt Emeson in the bedroom closets of most of Hollywood's most glamorous women! That is, you will if you look at the labels on the gorgeous gowns there, for the label will read "Exclusive Design by Walt Emeson."

Emeson's bustling shop in Studio City is the center of fashion to hundreds of stars, singers, debs, performers and to producers and costume directors of nearly every television show and motion picture studio. Presently, over 40 weekly television shows announce "Gowns by Emeson." So pleased are these lovely ladies that they seek out Emeson for their personal as well as professional wardrobes.

His client list reads like the "Who's Who" of actresses, singers and entertainers. Among them are Jayne Mansfield, Jane Russell, June Christy, Keeley Smith, Gale Robbins, Roberta Linn, Rhonda Flemming, January Jones and Connie Haines to name but a few. However the list is not limited to performers. He has made gowns for Mrs. Goodwin Knight and Mrs. Sam Yorty, the first lady of Los Angeles, including her outfit recently for the Inaugural.

Emeson, who does the designing and his mother who supervises the shop and workroom, are credited with many fashion firsts, such as the "built-in foundation," the "deep plunge" front and back, the Alice Lon Champagne Lady petticoat and the recent return to body-clinging sheaths. He is most proud of the award given him last year by the Fashion Council of America as the "Outstanding Designer of Feminine Fashions — 1964."

Fit and fabric and construction are the trademark of Emeson's Original gowns. His bustlines are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. He is a fanatic on fit and insists that his gowns be like an outer skin. For fabrics, he and his mother travel the world over returning with laces from Belgium, silks from Italy brocades from France; many designed and made exclusively for Emeson.

At every premiere, Oscar and Emmy Awards Dinners and at the many exciting balls and festive occasions you can spot the Emeson gowns. They are there en masse. Just look for the most elegantly dressed women and you'll win bets that Emeson designed her gown. He records a description of each gown made for his clients for each such occasion and thus insures his customers that they won't see the same gown or the same fabric or color in another Emeson gown at the event. This has prevented what might be embarassing moments.

Walt Emeson loves women! He believes women should look like women! His designs reflect this belief— for they are elegant, figure revealing feminine and yet sexy, in a very nice way. The waist line, bust line and other body points are where nature intended them to be and then enhanced!

So when you see lovely gowned women on ABC TV, NBC, CBS and most local TV shows — watch for the credit line. You're almost certain to see "Wardrobe by Emeson". He's there — and in the closet too! ●

WILLIAM ROTSLER

(continued from page 81)

and *Millionaire Magazine* hopes to publish some in the very near future.

"Dancers make the best models," Rotsler says. "They are trained to really use their bodies, are graceful and usually uninhibited in the way they move and pose." But Rotsler gets his models from almost all walks of life, from secretaries to chorus girls, from college coeds to professionals.

Sometimes people ask, rather stuffily,why there should be nudes at all. This irritates an otherwise easy-going Rotsler. "The female nude has been the epitome of beauty since the beginning of Man, a source of pleasure and the inspiration for every great work of art. There is *nothing* more beautiful than a beautiful female body." Rotsler's idealization and artistic conception of this philosophy can easily be seen in the pictures that accompany this article.

But Rotsler is not a stuffy academation. He definitely has fun with his pictures. His models almost always say that they have more fun modeling with Rotsler than any other photographer. "He works fast and you never get tired just standing around holding a pose," reports Vicky James.

"He's fun to work for," said one model. "You never know what to expect. Being nude is really a kick with him and you know you'll like the pictures."

"When I did these pictures for MILLIONAIRE," said Cathy Crowfoot, "he really got me into the spirit of it. We had a ball together."

Rotsler most of all enjoys creating fantacies. He puts on film the erotic imagery, the pretty pictures, the exciting and sensual world of the imagination. "Any competant camera operator can shoot a girl with her clothes off," he says, "but that's not art, that's not me, and that sure isn't fun." So Rotsler makes into reality the word of the sensual mind, the fun-loving, sex-loving, beauty-loving world of an imaginative man.

Rotsler has promised MILLIONAIRE Magazine more of his photographs, at Millionaire parties, of the nude for future issues--as long as they are fun to do! ●

MODERN CLARA BOW

(continued from page 53)

Clara Bow, the "It" girl of the Twenties, Mae West, Jean Harlow — the girls that the word sex was manufactured for in the Thirties, Jane Russell, Lana Turner — "the sweater girls of the Forties, Marilyn Monroe — pin-up girl supreme of the Fifties, Sophia Loren, Elizabeth Taylor — sex symbols of the Sixties, now my prediction — Margolynn — sexsation of the Seventies.

As in the day of the great "Vamps", Clara Bow was named the "It" girl, now we have our rare beauty Margolynn, dubbed the "Mondo" girl.

One name — Margolynn, one mysterious word — Mondo (Italian for world), stands our girl of the world, long stemmed titian haired, with measurements of 37-21-35½.

She was spotted by your reporter as she was prancing through a spectacular scene from a movie being shot on the famed corner of Hollywood and Vine.

After the scene was over and all proper introductions, I pryed and pryed for more information on this very secretive beauty. Fortunate enough I was able to find out that she is part Cherokee Indian and Irish. A very explosive blend of nationalities.

She is now featured in the film "Mondo Hollywood" being made by Fiesta International Film Productions, which will be a documentary of the Hollywood scene. She has just been contacted to do another featured role in an Independent film called "Mad-Dog, Public Enemy," a Morgan-Steckler Production.

Born and raised in the sedate town of Palo Alto, California, she migrated to the Hollywood scene a short year ago. Going the way as most young Margolynn, ex-waitress now a budding actress, yes you have all the necessary equipment and we of the Millionaire Staff will be pulling for your success. ●

OUR COVER GIRL

BRITT NILSSON

From the movie "Do Not Disturb", Britt Nilsson, George Neise, Doris Day and Reginald Gardiner.

In America one only has to mention the country of Sweden and the first thing to come to mind is beautiful, blonde, creamy smooth skinned lovely women.

Well, our cover girl this issue is one such lovely from the small town of Vetlanda, Sweden.

Britt is no newcomer to publicity or cover photos, for besides photos and reams of print written on her in foreign newspapers such as Aftonbladet, Expressen, and Goteborgs Posten, she has been written up in such world prestige magazines as Min Varld and Hemmets Journal. Britt's background in Sweden, France and Germany prompted her to come to the motion picture capital of the world — Hollywood.

Being in Hollywood for a short year, she was featured in a film shot on location in Las Vegas, called Four Cornered Triangle.

In other motion pictures such as "I'll take Sweden" with Bob Hope and a Twentieth Century Fox production called, "Do Not Disturb" with Doris Day and Rod Taylor starring. ●

NOT EVEN A MILLIONAIRE . . .

A hearty dish of my favorite food
Would be far beyond my means—
It's that tiny, little piece of meat
In a can of pork and beans.

—Marion Barnett

M-01

M-02

M-03

M-04

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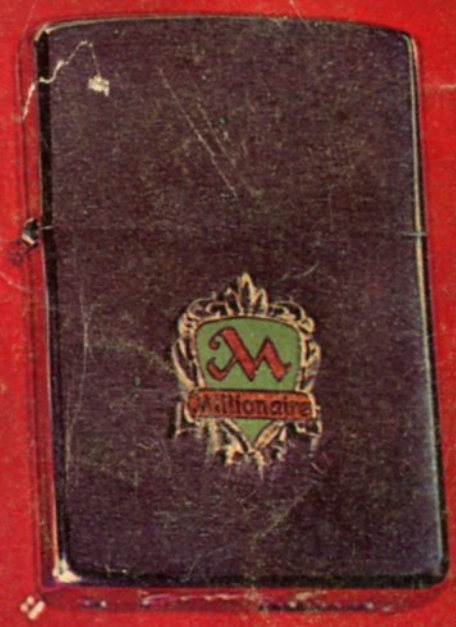

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